

THE FAVORITE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL
OF AMUSING AND USEFUL READING

No. 14

1874

Vol. III.

APRIL 4.

16 PAGES

5

CENTS

For Sale by all

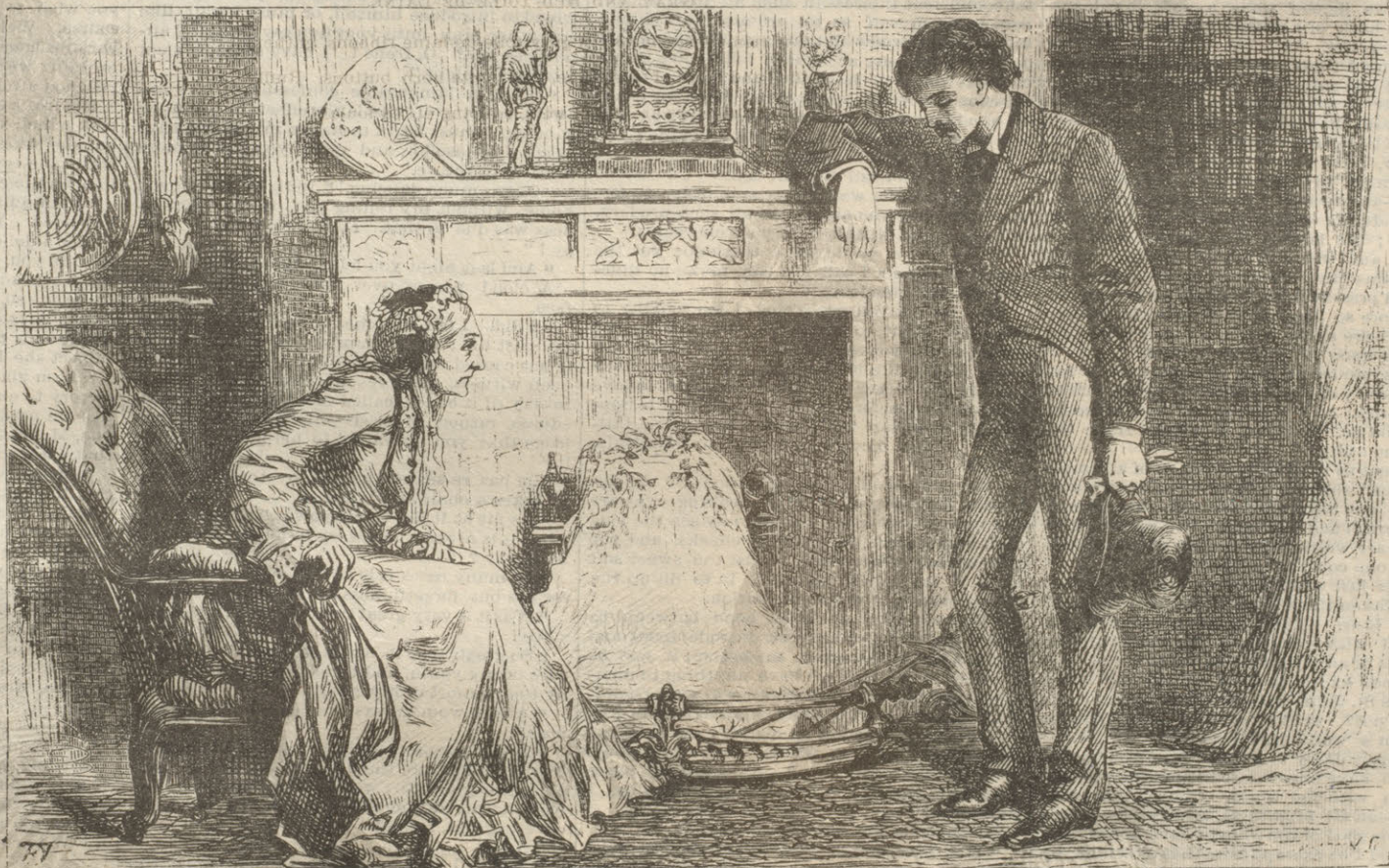
NEWSDEALERS.

FOR TERMS

OF

SUBSCRIPTION

See Tenth Page of
this number.



"DO YOU INTEND TO MARRY HER?" DEMANDS THE MOTHER FIXEDLY. HIS EYES DROOP; SILENCE IS HIS ONLY ANSWER.

"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER II.

This abrupt and mysterious termination to a love-dream which he had once believed to be the keystone of his life has a great effect upon the bodily and mental health of Eric Keir. He becomes morose, absorbed, and melancholy; relinquishes the pursuits of which he had been most fond, and avoids the society of his friends. His altered behaviour excites much college talk, and all his former companions, save one, are full of conjecture as to the cause of it. That one is Saville Moxon, who alone believes he knows the reason of the change. He thinks that Eric Keir (notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary) has really been smitten, or at least on the high road to being smitten, by

the charms of one or other of the pretty daughters of the Vicar of Fretterley; has given up the pursuit at the exhortation of his friend, and is suffering, by a very natural reaction, for his voluntary sacrifice, Saville Moxon knows as much about it as any of the others.

After a month of silence and suspense, during which, strange to say, Eric Keir, in all his misery, finds a sense of relief at not being obliged to pay those secret visits to Fretterley, old Margaret is dismissed, the cottage given up, and its contents scattered by the hammer, but the memory of the days he has spent there does not pass so easily from the young man's mind. Rather it takes root and poisons his existence, like an unextracted barb, so that he looks five years older in as many months, and loses all the effervescence and hilarity of youth.

His brother and his friends persuade him, after all, to join their walking tour in Brittany, and when it is accomplished, Lord Muiraven and the Moxons return to England by themselves, having left Eric on the Continent.

"The boy has grown too fast and studied too hard," says Lord Norham, in answer to the inquiries of anxious relatives; "and a little relaxation will do him all the good in the world. I expect great things of Eric—great things—but I cannot permit his health to be sacrificed to my ambition." In consequence of which, the Honourable Eric Hamilton Keir is lost to his mother country for two eventful years. Could he but have guessed how eventful!

At the expiration of that period we meet him again at a private ball in London.

It is the height of the season; the weather is warm, the room crowded, and every one not occupied in dancing attempts to find a refuge on the landing, or the stairs.

At the sides of the open door lean two young men, gazing into the ball-room, and passing their remarks on those they see there.

"Who is the girl that Keir's dancing with?"

"Keir! Where is he?"

"Coming down the left-hand side; the girl in black and gold."

"Why, Miss St. John, of course!"

"And why of course? Who may Miss St. John be?"

"My dear Orme, if you're so lamentably ignorant, pray speak a little lower. Not to know Miss St. John argues yourself unknown."

"Indeed! Well, she's uncommonly handsome. I should have no objection to number her amongst my acquaintances."

"I should think not; she is the belle of the season, and only daughter of old St. John the banker, deceased."

"Got any money?"

"Lots, I believe—any way, her face is a fortune in itself. It ought to command a coronet, as faces go nowadays."

"And Keir, I suppose, is first in the field? Well! I am of a self-sacrificing disposition, and wish him good luck."

"He would not thank you for it: he is sublimely indifferent to everything of the sort."

"It does not look like it: I have seen them dancing together several times this evening."

"Ah! that they always do; and I believe he is a constant visitor at the house. But if the St. John cherishes any fond hopes in consequence, I should advise her to relinquish them. Keir is not a marrying man."

"It's early in the day you arrive at that conclusion."

"My dear fellow! he makes no secret of his flirtation, for the matter of that. If he has one affair on hand, he has a dozen, and should Miss St. John discard him to-morrow morning, he would replace her in the afternoon."

"You are not giving your friend a very enviable character," remarks Mr. Orme, who is a young man of a moral and sententious turn of mind, and takes everything *au grand sérieux*.



"Can't possibly give him what he hasn't got," replied the other, laughing; "and he would be the first to tell you so. Keir's an excellent fellow with men, and a general favourite; but he is certainly heartless where women are concerned, or callous. I hardly know which to call it. He has been terribly spoilt, you see, both at home and abroad; he will view life and its responsibilities with clearer eyes ten years hence."

There is a general crush round the doorway, and the conversation of the young men has been over-heard by many, but to one listener only has it proved of engrossing interest. That one is Mrs. St. John, the widowed mother of the girl so freely spoken of.

Wedge in upon the landing, and forced to listen to the discussion against her will, she has drunk in with burning cheeks the truth so likely to affect her daughter's happiness; and, as soon as she finds it practicable, she creeps to a corner of the ball-room whence she can watch the conduct of Irene and Mr. Keir, and feverishly determine what course of action she is bound, in her capacity of guardian, to pursue respecting them.

Meanwhile the gallop has ended, and Eric Keir leads his partner into an adjoining conservatory, which has been kept dim and cool and provided with couches for the rest and refreshment of the dancers.

There, whilst Irene St. John, flushed and excited, throws herself upon a sofa, he leans against the back of a chair opposite and steadfastly regards her.

"I am afraid I have quite tired you, Miss St. John; that last gallop was a very long one."

Eric Keir is greatly altered since the days when he paid those secret visits to Fretterley. Travel and time, and something more powerful than either, have traced lines across his forehead and made his face sharper than it should be at four-and-twenty. But he is very handsome—handsome with the hereditary beauty of the family; the large sleepy, violet eyes and dark hair, and well-cut, noble features which the Norhams have possessed for centuries—of which the present Lord Norham is so proud; and the more so because they seem, in this instance, to have skipped over the heir to bestow themselves upon his younger brother.

And this handsome head is not set, as is too often the case, on an indifferent figure, but is carried upright and statelily, as such a noble head should be. At least, so thinks Irene St. John, if no other.

"I am not so tired of dancing, as of attempting to dance," she says, in answer to his remark. "How cool and refreshing this little nook seems, after the crush and heat of the ball-room! Rest and quiet are worth all the glare and tumult of society, if one could but believe it."

"That is just what I was going to observe: you have taken the sentence out of my mouth," says Eric Keir. "The pleasure of a few words exchanged with you alone, outweighs all the attractions of an evening's dancing."

"I did not expect to hear you say so," murmurs Miss St. John, with downcast eyes.

"Why not? Is the sentiment too high to come from a worldling's lips?"

"It is most likely to proceed from the lips of those who have encountered something to disgust them with the world. I hoped that your life had been all brightness, Mr. Keir."

"It is too good of you even to have hoped. But why should I be exempt from that of which, by your own argument, you must have had experience?"

"Ah! women are more liable to suffering, or they feel it more acutely—don't you think so? My poor father! it seems so short a time since he was here. Did I follow my own inclinations, I should not be mixing in the world, even now; and I often wish I had been firmer in standing out against the wishes of others."

"Don't say that," is the low-voiced rejoinder; "had you refused to enter society, we might not have met! and I was just beginning to be presumptuous enough to hope that our friendship possessed some interest for you."

"And so it does, Mr. Keir; pray don't think otherwise," with a hot, bright blush; "a few words of common sense are the only things which make such a scene tolerable to me."

"Or to myself," he answers, as he takes a seat beside her; "the quickness with which we think and feel together, Miss St. John; the sympathy, in fact, which appears to animate us, is a source of unceasing gratification to me."

She does not answer him; but the strains of the 'Blue Danube' waltz come floating in from the adjacent ball-room, and mingle with his words.

"I suppose the world considers me a happy man," he continues, presently. "I daresay that even my own people think the same, and will continue to do so to the end—what then? it makes no difference to me."

How quickly a woman's sympathy catches light when it is appealed to on behalf of a man's suffering. She seems to think it so much harder that the rougher sex should encounter trouble than her patient self! Irene's eyes are full of tender, silent questioning.

"And you are not, then, happy?" they inquire.

"Can you ask the question?" his reply. "You must have guessed my secret," his tongue says; "you are not an ordinary woman; you look below the surface."

"I confess that I have sometimes thought—"

"Of course you have," he interrupts her, eagerly. "I have had trouble enough, God knows, and it will end only with my life."

"Oh, Mr. Keir! you are too young to say that!"

"I am too old to think otherwise," he rejoins, moodily; "your trouble was not of your own seeking, Miss St. John—mine is; that makes all the difference."

"It makes it harder to forget, perhaps," she answers, "but not impossible. And you have so much to make life pleasant to you—so many friends—"

"Friends! what do I care for them, excepting one. Oh, Miss St. John! if you will not think me too bold in saying so, it is only since I met you that I have felt as if I really had a friend. The few months we have known each other seem like years in retrospect, though they have flown like days in making your acquaintance."

"We have seen so much of one another in the time," she murmurs, softly.

"Yes! and learnt more. Sometimes I can scarcely believe but that I have known you all my life. To feel you really were my friend would be to experience the greatest pleasure that this world still holds for me."

"Why should you not feel so?"

The sweet strains of the 'Blue Danube' are being repeated again and again, but above the loudest of them she hears the fluttering of her own heart as she puts the question.

"May I?" laying his hand upon the one which lies upon her lap: "is it possible that you can take sufficient interest in such an insignificant person as myself as to promise to befriend him? Do you know all that is implicated in that promise—the long account of follies and shortcomings you will have to listen to, the many occasions on which you will be asked for counsel or advice, the numerous times that you will feel utterly tired of or impatient with me?"

"I am not afraid of that, Mr. Keir."

"Why do you call me, Mr. Keir? Can we be real friends while we address each other so formally? Surely you are a love all such prudery, or I am much mistaken in your character."

"I am not a prude, or I think so; yet the name by which I call you can make no difference in my friendship."

"But cannot you guess that I am longing to have the right to speak to you familiarly? Irene—it fits you perfectly. I never knew an Irene in my life before, yet I could not fancy you by any other name, for I learned to love its sound long before I had the hardihood to hope that its possessor would admit me to her intimacy. I shall be very jealous of our friendship, Irene."

"But why should you be jealous?" she demands, in a low voice. Her speaking eyes are cast upon the ground. He can only see the long dark lashes that lie upon her cheeks, and the golden glory of her head, whilst the sweet soft notes of the music still steal in to fill up the broken pauses of the conversation.

"Because it is a sacred bond between us which no third person must intrude upon; and if it is a secret, so much the better; it will be so sweet to feel that we have anything in common. But if you admit another to your friendship, Irene—if I hear any man daring to call you by your Christian name; if I see that you have other confidants whom you trust as much or more than myself, I—I—" waxing fierce over the supposition—"I don't know what I should do!"

His violence amuses her.

"You need not be afraid—indeed, you need not; not one of my acquaintances would presume to act in the manner you describe."

"Then I am the first, Irene?"

"Quite the first."

"So much the happier for me! But I wonder—I wonder—"

"What?"

"Whether you can be content with such a friendship as I offer you; whether it will be sufficient for your happiness."

"How exigent you must consider me!"

"Not so; it is I that deserve the name. Yet if—if, when we have grown necessary to each other—or, rather, when you have grown necessary to me—you should see some one whom you prefer—some one more attractive—more desirable than myself, and desert me in consequence, marry him, in fact, what shall I do?"

She is about indignantly to disclaim the possibility of such a thing, when she is interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Irene! what are you thinking of? Captain Clevedon has been looking for you the last half-hour. You know you were engaged to him for this waltz."

The voice of Mrs. St. John usually so sweet and low especially when she is speaking to her daughter, has become too highly pitched in her anxiety, and sounds discordant. As she hears it, Irene, blushing all over, rises quickly from her seat.

"Have I been here long, mother? I have been talking, and did not think of it."

"Then you should think of it," retorts Mrs. St. John; "or Mr. Keir"—with a dart of indignation in his direction—"should think of it for you. It is not customary with you to offend your partners, Irene."

"Is Captain Clevedon offended? I am so sorry. Take me to him, mother, and I will make the amende honorable."

"I don't think you will have the opportunity. I believe he has gone home, where, indeed, it is high time we went also. Come, Irene!"

"I am ready, mother! Mr. Keir offers you his arm. No!"—as Eric Keir intends the other for her benefit—"take care of mamma, and I will follow; thank you!"

So they passed through the ball-room and descended the staircase, Mrs. St. John in digni-

fied silence, and the young people with some amount of trepidation. Yet, as he puts Irene into the carriage, Eric Keir summons up sufficient courage to say:

"Shall I find you at home to-morrow afternoon, Miss St. John?"

She is about to answer timidly that she is not sure, when she is again interrupted by her mother.

"Yes, we shall be at home, and glad to see you, Mr. Keir;" at which unexpected rejoinder, Mr. Keir expresses his grateful thanks, and Irene, clasping Mrs. St. John's hand between both her own, lies back upon the cushions, and indulges in a rose-colored dream of coming happiness.

At an early hour on the following afternoon, Keir's horse stands at the door of Mrs. St. John's house in Brook Street. He enters hurriedly, with a bright look of expectation on his countenance, and without ceremony, turns into a sitting-room on the ground floor.

The servant who admitted him had scarcely time to close the hall door again, before the visitor has vanished from his view, and left him standing there, with the message that was evidently fluttering on his lips, still undelivered. But it is Irene's sitting-room, and Eric Keir is not disappointed in his hope of finding her in it—and alone.

"What will you say to me for so abrupt an entrance?" he exclaims, as she rises to welcome him. "Does it come within the privileges of a friend to introduce himself, or must I wait, like any other man, until your flunkey formally announces me? O, Irene! I have scarcely slept a wink all night."

"What a lamentable confession!" she answers, gaily. "If this is the effects of too much dancing, I must begin to assert my prerogative as chief counsellor, and order you to be more discreet in future."

"Of too much dancing!" indignantly; "you know, without my telling you, if my restlessness was due to that. O, Irene! I feel so happy!"

"And last night you felt so miserable."

A cloud passes over the brightness of his face.

"I did. I felt wretched in looking back upon my past life; the remembrance of the trouble it has caused me, and the follies to which it has been witness, unnerves me. And my happiness to-day (if it can be called such), my light-heartedness rather, proceeds only from the knowledge that you promised to help me to forget it."

She has re-seated herself, by this time, and he takes a chair beside her.

"As far as it lies in my power," she answers; "but it is always necessary to forget in order to be happy?"

"In many cases it is so: there is nothing left for me but forgetfulness—and your affection."

"Was it a very great trouble, then?" she says softly.

"So great, that it has destroyed all the pleasure of my youth, and threatens to do the same by the comfort of my age."

"And a woman was the cause of it, I suppose."

"Is not a woman at the bottom of all our troubles? Women are the ulterior causes of all pain and pleasure in this world—at least, for us. You have not lived nineteen years in it without discovering that, Irene?"

"No!"

"And so I look to a woman to cure me of the wound that a woman's hand inflicted; to restore to me, as far as possible, through the treasure of her friendship and her sympathy, the happiness which, except for my own mad folly, I might have aspired to—"

"If you please, sir, Mrs. St. John is in the library, and will be glad to speak to you as soon as you can make it convenient to see her."

"So I will come at once."

On the entrance of the servant they have sprung apart as guiltily as though they had been lovers, instead of only friends, and as he disappears again, they look at one another consciously, and laugh.

"What a mysterious message!" exclaims Irene; "is this leap year? Can mamma have any designs on you?"

"In the shape of commissions—what ladies have not? I am a perfect martyr to the cause. Whether owing to the respectability of my connections, or myself, I cannot say; but the number of notes I am asked to deliver, and Berlin wools to match, is perfectly incredible. But is this dear interview ended? Shall I not find you here on my return?"

"Perhaps you may; but perhaps, my mother will be with you. So you had better consider it at an end, lest you should be disappointed."

"If it is at an end, you must bid me farewell."

"Farewell," she echoes, smilingly, as she extends her hand.

"Is that the best way you know how to do it?" he demands, as he retains her hand between his own. "What a thorough Englishwoman you are, Irene; you would not relinquish one of the cold forms of society even where your feelings are most interested. Custom first, and friendships afterwards. Ah! you do not regard our compact in the sacred light that I do."

He has drawn her closer to him as he speaks, and their faces are nearly on a level.

"Oh, Eric! how little you know me!"

The liquid eyes upraised to his, the parted lips, the trembling hand, which he still holds, appeal to him until he loses sight of self and the bitter consequences of indulgence, and remem-

bers only that they are man and woman, and they stand alone.

"Darling!" he whispers, as he bends down and kisses her.

By the crimson flush that mounts to her forehead, and the abrupt manner in which she disengages herself from him and turns away, so that he cannot see her face, he fears that he has seriously offended her.

"Forgive me! I know that it was wrong, but I could not help it. Irene! say that you are not angry."

"Oh, pray go to mamma! she will think it so strange—she has been waiting for you all this time."

"I cannot go until you have said that you forgive me."

"I do forgive you then; but—but—it must never be again."

"Is that your heart speaking to mine, Irene? Well, I will not press you for an answer now; but grant me one favor—one token that you are not really angry with me. Be here when I return."

And with these words he leaves her.

He finds Mrs. St. John restlessly pacing up and down the library, and appearing even more nervous than usual.

She is a frail, timid looking woman, the very opposite of her high-spirited daughter, and as she turns at his approach, her very lips are trembling.

"How do you do, Mrs. St. John? I believe you wish to speak to me. A commission, of course. Well! I am quite at your service, from barley-sugar up to bank-notes. What a lovely morning we have had! I hope you are not much fatigued after last night's dissipation."

His frank and unrestrained address makes the task which she has set herself more difficult; but she takes a chair and waves him to another, while she is vainly trying to find words in which to open the conversation naturally.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Keir. Pray be seated. Yes, I asked to speak to you: it is rather a delicate business, and had I not great faith in you, it would be a very painful one; but—are you sure that you are comfortable?"

"Quite so, thank you, Mrs. St. John," he answers, puzzled to imagine what possible connection his present comfort can have with the subject she is about to introduce.

"I am glad of it. It is so much more satisfactory to enter on a discussion when both parties are perfectly at their ease. I asked to see you, Mr. Keir, because—I suppose you know that I am the sole guardian of my daughter?"

"I believe I have heard Miss St. John mention the fact."

"Yes, her poor father wished it, and though I am very unfit for such a position, I knew he must be the best judge, and so—but of course it leaves me without counsellors. Irene has no near relation but myself, and I have no male friends in England to whom I can apply for advice in any matters of difficulty."

"If I can be of any use," he interrupts, eagerly, "or could procure you the information you require, Mrs. St. John, you must know that it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Keir—yes, you can help me—I am coming to that presently. But being, as I said before, the sole guardian of Irene's interests, you must perceive that it is my duty to be very careful of her—that I cannot be too careful."

"Who could doubt it?" he answers, warmly.

"And you are very often in her company; you have been here a great deal, lately, Mr. Keir, you are at our house almost every day."

"I beg your pardon."

"I say that you are very intimate with Irene—rather too intimate, I think; though, of course, we have always been pleased to see you—but the world will talk, and young people's names soon get connected—and so I consider it my duty to ascertain—here Mrs. St. John coughs twice, and swallows some fearful obstacle in her throat—"to ask you, in short, what are your intentions respecting her?"

The murder is out, and poor Mrs. St. John sinks back in her chair, pale and exhausted, as though her own fate depended on his answer.

"Intentions! my intentions!" cries Eric Keir, starting from his seat.

The tone of surprise and incredulity in which he utters the words seems to put new courage into his listener; it arouses her maternal fears, and with her fears her indignation, and she answers, quickly:

"You cannot pretend to misunderstand my meaning, Mr. Keir, young as you are, you are too much a man of the world for that, and must know that if you are so constantly seen in the company of a young lady, people will begin to inquire if you are engaged to be married to her, or not."

"I—I—know that I have trespassed very much upon your hospitality," he commences, stammering, "and taken the greatest pleasure in coming here, but I have never addressed Miss St. John except in the character of a friend, and I supposed that you entirely understood the footing on which I visited her."

"And you mean to tell me," exclaims the poor mother, who is shaking from head to foot with nervous excitement—"you intend me to understand, Mr. Keir, that all your attentions have meant nothing, and that my daughter is no more to you than any other girl?"

The whole truth flashes on him now; he sees the fraud of which he has been guilty, both to his own heart and to hers; he knows that he loves Irene St. John as his soul—and yet he is forced to stammer on—

"I never said that, Mrs. St. John. I hold your

daughter too highly—much too highly, in my admiration and—esteem, and value her friendship too much, to be guilty of so false a sentiment. But as to marriage—deeply as I may, as I do, regret the necessity for saying so—I must tell you that it is not in my power at present to marry any one!”

“Not in your power! what do mean?”

“I mean that, being but a younger son, I am not, unfortunately, in a position to take such a responsibility upon myself so early. If you knew my circumstances, Mrs. St. John, you would be the first person to refuse your daughter's hand to me.”

“What! as the younger son of the Earl of Norham? Mr. Keir, you are having recourse to a miserable subterfuge; you have been trifling with my child—you would not have dared to make so paltry an excuse to Irene's father.”

“Oh, Mrs. St. John! you do me wrong. I should have spoken just the same (I could have spoken in no other way) even to your husband. Yet had I pleaded a disinclination for marriage, you would have been no better pleased.”

“I have been foolish,” exclaims Mrs. St. John, trying hard to keep back the tears which she would consider it beneath her dignity to shed; “I have been blind to allow your intimacy to go on so long—but I could not believe you would act so unworthy a part. My poor Irene!”

“Good God! Mrs. St. John,”—with terrible emphasis—“you do not mean to tell me that Irene shares your suspicions—that she has learnt to regard me with any feeling warmer than the friendship we have pledged each other?”

“What right have you to ask, sir? What right have you to call her by her Christian name? I have not been accustomed to hear my daughter spoken of so familiarly by the gentlemen of her acquaintance.”

“Oh, Mrs. St. John! don't be hard upon me. Believe me when I say that in seeking the friendship of Miss St. John I had no intention beyond that of deriving great pleasure and profit from our intercourse. I never dreamt that my actions would be misconstrued either by the world or yourself. I have never breathed a word to her concerning love or marriage—I could not have done it, knowing how impossible it is for me to redeem such a pledge, at present.”

“I hear your words, Mr. Keir, but I do not understand them. I only feel that you have been acting a very thoughtless, if not a dishonorable, part, and that it becomes my duty to see an immediate stop put to it. And, therefore, from the moment you quit this room, you must consider that our intimacy is at an end.”

At this intimation Eric Keir becomes visibly agitated.

“At an end! Do you mean to say that I am to see her no more—that my visits here are to cease once and for ever?”

“Of course they are! would you go on deceiving my poor girl, only to break her heart at the last?” cries Mrs. St. John, thrown off her guard by the vehemence of his manner. “You little guess my love for her, Mr. Keir, if you think I would permit the happiness of her life to be wrecked in this manner.”

The timid, shrinking woman, who hardly speaks above a whisper in society, becomes quite grand and tragic in defence of her child. She reminds one of a dove-eyed, innocent ewe, advancing to the front of the flock to shake its hornless head and stamp its impotent feet because some passing stranger has dared to cast a glance in the direction of its lamb.

“Then she loves me, and you know it,” exclaims the young man, his eyes roused from their usual languor and by the excitement of the suspicion; “Mrs. St. John, tell me the truth; does Irene love me?”

“Do you intend to marry her?” demands the mother, fixedly. His eyes droop; silence is his only answer.

“O, Mr. Keir! I could hardly have believed it of you.”

“I ought not to have put the question. I have only tortured you and myself. But if you have any pity left for me, try to pity the necessity which forbids my answering you.”

“I think that our interview should end here, Mr. Keir. No good can be gained by my detaining you longer, and a farther discussion of this very painful subject is only likely to lead to further estrangement. I must beg you, therefore, to leave this house, and without seeing my daughter again.”

“But who then will tell her of the proposed alteration in our intercourse?”

“I take that upon myself, and you may rest assured that Irene will be quite satisfied to abide by my decision. Meanwhile, Mr. Keir, if you have any gentlemanly feeling left, you will quit London, or take means to prevent our meeting you again.”

“It is to be a total separation, then, between us? Must I have nothing, because I cannot take all?”

“I have already given you my opinion. Do not compel me to repeat it in stronger terms.”

Her voice and manner have become so cold that they arouse his pride.

“There is nothing, then, left for me to do but to bow to your decision. Mrs. St. John, I wish you a very good morning.”

He is going then, but his heart-strings pull him backward.

“Oh! make the best of it to her, for God's sake! Tell her that—that—But no! there is nothing to tell her; I have no excuse—I can only go!”

He suits the action to the word as he speaks, and she follows him into the hall, and sees him

safely out of the house before she turns the door-handle of her daughter's room.

Irene is sitting in an attitude of expectation, her hands idly folded on her lap, and fitful blushes chasing each other over her face as she listens to the footsteps in the hall. When her mother enters she starts up suddenly, and then sits down again, as though she scarcely knew what she was doing.

“Is he gone?” she says, in a tone of disappointment, as Mrs. St. John advances to take her tenderly in her arms.

“And who may he be?” inquires the mother, with a ghastly attempt at playfulness, not knowing how to broach the intelligence she bears.

“Mr. Keir—Eric!—has he not been speaking to you? Oh, mother!” hiding her face with a sudden burst of shame on Mrs. St. John's bosom; “I am not quite sure, but I think—I think he loves me!”

Mrs. St. John does not know what to answer. For a minute she holds her daughter in her arms and says nothing. Then Irene feels the trembling of her mother's figure, and looks up, alarmed.

“Mother! is there anything the matter? Are you not well?”

“There is nothing the matter, my darling—at least, not much. But you were speaking of Mr. Keir—he is gone!”

“Gone—why?”

“Because he is not a gentleman, Irene.”

“Mother!”

“He is not worthy of you, child; he has been playing with your feelings, amusing himself at your expense. Oh! Irene, my darling! you are so brave, so good. You will bear this like a woman, and despise him as he deserves.”

“Bear this! bear what?” says the girl, standing suddenly upright; “I do not comprehend you, mother—I do not know what you are talking of.”

“I am talking of Mr. Keir, Irene. I am telling you that he is utterly unworthy of another thought from you—that he has dangled about you until the world has connected your names together, and that he has no intentions concerning you: he has just told me so.”

“No intentions!” repeats her daughter, vacantly; “no intentions!”

“He has no intention of proposing to you, Irene—of marrying you; he has meant nothing by it all.”

“Nothing!” repeats Irene, in the same dreamy way.

The lace-shrouded windows of the room are open, and the faint, rich odor from the boxes of stocks and mignonette that adorn its sills floats into the chamber, bringing with it a memory of hot-house plants, whilst band music from an adjoining square commences to make itself indistinctly heard.

“Yes, nothing,” continues Mrs. St. John, rendered bolder by her daughter's passiveness and her own indignation. “I have just put the question to him—it was my duty to do so, seeing what marked attention he had paid you lately, and—I could not have believed it of Mr. Keir; I thought so much more highly of him—he told me to my face that he had never even thought of you as anything but a friend, indeed! Oh, my dearest girl! that any man should dare to speak of you in such terms of indifference—it will break my heart!” and Mrs. St. John attempts to cast herself into her daughter's arms again. But Irene puts her from her—repulses her—almost roughly.

“Mother! how dared you do it?”

The words are such as she has never presumed to use to her mother before; the tone even is not her own. Mrs. St. John looks up affrightedly.

“Irene!”

“How dared you subject me to such an insult—expose me in so cruel a manner; make me despicable to myself?”

“My child, what do you mean?”

“Cannot a man be friendly and agreeable without being called upon to undergo so humiliating an examination? Is a girl never to speak to one of the other sex without being suspected of a desire to marry him? Is there to be no friendship, no cordiality, no confidence in this world, but the parties are immediately required to bind themselves down to an union which would be repugnant to both? It is this style of thing which makes me hate society and all its shams—which will go far now to make me hate myself!”

“Irene! my dear!” cries Mrs. St. John, trembling all over; “you do not consider that I am your guardian, and this precaution, which appears so unnecessary to you, became a duty for me to take. Would you have had me receive his visits here until he had entangled your affections more inextricably, perhaps, than he has done at present?”

“Who says he has done so—who dares to say it?”

The girl's pride is raging and warring within. She has been roused from her tender love-dream by a stern reality, she is quivering under the shock even as she speaks, but her first thought is to save her wounded honor.

“My Irene! I thought—I never dreamt but that you liked him—judging from the manner in which you received and spoke of him.”

“Liked him! Is liking, love? You judged me too quickly, mother. You have not read down to the depths of my heart.”

“You do not love him, then, my darling—this business will not make you miserable? Oh! Irene—speak! you cannot think what suspense costs me.”

The girl hesitates for a moment, turns round to see the frail figure before her, the thin clasp-

ed hands, the anxious, sorrow-laden eyes waiting her verdict, and hesitates no longer.

“I would not marry Eric Keir, mother, tomorrow for all this world could give me.”

“Oh! thank God! thank God!” cries Mrs. St. John, hysterically, as she sinks upon a sofa. In another moment Irene is kneeling by her side.

“Dearest mother! did I speak unkindly to you? Oh! forgive me! You know how proud I am, and it hurts me, just for the time being. But it is over now. Forget it, dear mother—we will both forget it, and everything concerning it—and go on as before. Oh! what a wretch I am to have made you weep!”

“I did it for the best, Irene. I only did what I considered my duty—it is a very common thing; it takes place every day. But so long as his conduct does not affect your happiness, there is no harm done.”

“There is no harm done,” echoes the girl, with parched lips, and eyes that are determined not to cry.

“It will put a stop to his coming here, and I daresay you will miss him at first, Irene. Young people like to be together; but you must remember how detrimental such an intimacy would be to your future prospects; no one else would presume to come forward while a man like Eric Keir is hanging about the house; and I should never forgive myself if I permitted him to amuse himself at the expense of your settlement in life. He ought to know better than to wish such a thing.”

“He knows better now,” replied her daughter, soothingly.

“Yes—yes! if only he has not wounded you, O, Irene!” with a sudden burst of passion most foreign to her disposition, “you are my only hope—my only consolation. Look me in the face, and tell me that you do not love him.”

“Mother, darling, you are ill and agitated; this wretched business has been too much for you. Go and lie down, dear mother, and try to sleep; and when we meet again we will agree to drop the subject altogether.”

“We will—we will. Heaven knows I am only anxious that it should be forgotten—only tell me Irene that you do not love him.”

She clings to her daughter—she will not be gainsaid; her eyes are fixed searchingly upon Irene's—the girl feels like a stag at bay; one moment she longs to pour out the truth—the next death would not tear it from her.

“I do not love him!” she answers, with closed teeth.

“Say it again!” exclaims Mrs. St. John, with a feverish burst of joy.

“I do not love him! Mother, is not that enough?” she goes on rapidly. “Why should you doubt my word? Go, dear mother; pray go and take the rest you need, and leave me to—to—myself!”

She pushes Mrs. St. John gently but forcibly from the apartment, and locks the door. Then she staggers to the table, blindly, gropingly, and leans her back against it, grasping the edge with her hands.

“The first lie that I have ever told her,” she whispers to herself; “the first lie—and yet, is it a lie? do I love him—or do I hate him?”

She stands for a minute hard as stone, her nervous hands grasping the table, her firm teeth pressed upon her lower lip, as though defying it to quiver, whilst all that Eric Keir has ever said to her comes rushing back upon her mind.

The scent of the stocks and mignonette is wafted past her with every breath that stirs the curtains: the band in the adjacent square has altered its position; it draws nearer—changes its air—the notes of the “Blue Danube” waltz come floating through the open window. It is the last stroke of memory—all her determination fades before it.

“God help me!” she cries, as she sinks, sobbing, on the sofa.

Mrs. St. John is bound to believe what her daughter tells her; but she is not satisfied about her daughter's health. The season goes on—Irene does not fail to fulfil one engagement—she dresses and talks gaily as before, and yet there is something—undistinguishable, perhaps, except to the eye of affection—that makes her unlike her former self.

She is harder than she used to be—more cynical—less open to belief in truth and virtue.

Added to which, her appetite is variable, and she drinks wine feverishly—almost eagerly—and at odd intervals of time, Mrs. St. John calls in her favorite doctor, Mr. Pettingall. Mr. Pettingall is not a fashionable physician he is an old family doctor; he has known Irene since her birth, and is as well acquainted with her constitution as with that of his own wife. He settles the question on the first interview.

“Depression of the vital powers, Mrs. St. John, caused by undue excitement and fatigue. Your young lady has been going a little too fast this season. She has been sitting up too late, and dancing too much; perhaps, also, flirting too much. Nothing the matter with the heart, I suppose, eh?”

“Oh, dear no, Doctor! at least, Irene assures me it is not the case, though her spirits are certainly very variable.”

“No sign at all! A life of dissipation is sure to make the spirits variable. Take her away, and she'll be well in a month.”

“Away, Doctor! what, before the season is over?”

“Certainly; unless you wish her health to be over with the season. And a change will do you no harm either, Mrs. St. John. Why, you want twice as much doctoring as your daughter.”

“That's what I tell mamma,” exclaims Irene, who has entered during the last sentence; “but she will not believe me. Let us join cause against

her, Mr. Pettingall, and get her out of this hateful London.”

“Why, my dear! would you really like to go?” says Mrs. St. John.

“I would like to go anywhere, to see you strong again, mother.”

“That's right! a good daughter is the best medicine a mother can have. You hear what Miss St. John says, mamma. She will go anywhere to do you good—and herself too!”

“She has always been my comfort!” murmurs Mrs. St. John.

“And I, as your medical adviser, recommend a trip abroad.”

“Abroad!”

“Certainly. Three or four months' run in the Austrian Tyrol, for instance—or the Pyrenees. Please yourselves, however, and you'll please me—only get out of London. It is quite as necessary for your health, Mrs. St. John, as for your daughter's.”

“Mother! we will go at once. We will not delay a day longer than is necessary. Thank you, Mr. Pettingall, for speaking out your mind so frankly. I have been blind not to see before that my mother wanted change.”

From that moment Irene comes out of herself, and takes all necessary cares and arrangements on her own hands. She forgets her trouble—her haunting regret; her only wish is to see her mother's health restored.

“I have been selfish,” she thinks, as she moves about from room to room giving the final orders for their departure. “I have been so anxious to forget my own misery that I have dragged my poor mother out much more than is good for her—and this is the end of it. Oh! if I should have really upset her health—if this change should even prove too late! Good God! how shall I ever forgive myself—or him!”

She has not seen him since the interview he had with Mrs. St. John: she has gone out each evening feverishly expectant of his presence; longing, yet dreading, to encounter him: and she has dragged out the weary time with a heart of lead in her bosom, because he has never come—being, in point of fact, hundreds of miles away at his father's seat in Scotland, though no one tells her so.

“Afraid to meet me!” she has thought bitterly. “Yes, fear was about the last ingredient wanting in his cup of dishonor. How could I ever have been so mad as to think he loved me?”

The first place they try for change of air is Rochefort, in the Ardennes.

A lovely fertile valley, surrounded by heather-covered hills, the slopes of which are alive with wild blossoms, and the feet watered by clear streams, repose and peace seem to be the natural characteristics, the inevitable consequences, of a life in Rochefort.

But does peace come to the broken spirit more readily in quiet than in bustle? I doubt it.

What do we fly from, if not from memory? and can it come so closely to us in a crowd, where alien faces push between us and the semblance of the face we loved, and alien voices, clamoring for money or for interest, drown the sweet, false tones that poisoned our existence, as when we walk alone and weary on the footpath of life, too weary, it may be, even to have strength to push aside that which we dread to look on?

Irene finds it so. In London, amidst the whirl and turmoil of the season, she thought that she was strong enough to bear all things, even the knowledge—the bitterest knowledge to a woman—that she had given Eric Keir love in exchange for liking—fine gold for dross that tarnished at the first touch.

But here, in peaceful, slumbering Rochefort, she is fain to confess herself defeated. Here, where she can wander for miles without meeting a soul to break her solitude, his memory walks beside her like a haunting ghost from which she prays to be delivered.

Not mockingly nor coldly, not with a gesture or a look that can awake her pride, but as her heart remembers him—as it had hoped he would be, until her overburdened spirit can bear the strain no longer, and she sinks down upon the grass, dappled with flowers and murmuring with insects, and prays God she may die.

Only to rise, when her moan is over, burning with indignation against herself and him; hating herself, perhaps, even more than him, for having sunk so low as to regret him. Mrs. St. John knows nothing of all this; she is too feeble to walk beyond a short distance, and Irene never appears before her except in good spirits and with a beaming countenance.

The mother is deceived—she feels her own health is failing, but she believes in the restoration of her child. Irene reads her belief, and is satisfied.

Nevertheless, as soon as the weather will permit them, she persuades Mrs. St. John to move on to Brussels. She knows that in order to keep up her rôle she must be moving; one more month of Rochefort and the ghost of Eric Keir, and she should break down entirely.

Brussels is full and gay; the September fêtes are going on, and the town is crowded. Mrs. St. John and her daughter take up their abode at one of the principal hotels, and prepare to enjoy life to the uttermost.

Enjoy life to the uttermost! I wonder which of us ever believes that he or she has reached the “uttermost,” or, having reached it, how long we believe it to be such.

[The “uttermost,” if ever we attain it (how few do!), usually makes us so giddy we are not aware until we touch the bottom of the ladder again how quickly we have descended.]

Irene's uttermost at this juncture consists of

running about to see all there is to be seen, and that is very soon brought to a close by Mrs. St. John's increasing weakness. She longs to accompany her daughter, but she cannot accomplish it, and the girl's solitary rambles through picture galleries and museums begin only too soon to assume the same character as her walks in Rochefort. She comes to understand that the companionship she needs is something more than is to be found in a strange crowd; it must be an active conversational presence—something that shall barter bright thoughts for her dull ones, and force her to exert her intellectual powers. A real wholesome want seldom arises in this world without the possibility of gratifying it. In a few days Irene finds the companion ready to hand.

She returns one afternoon to the hotel, after having permitted her feverish imagination to hold converse for hours with the fantastic horrors of Wierzb, and disturbs her mother in the midst of a conversation with a stranger—a gentleman of about fifty, or perhaps a few years older—whom Irene has never seen before.

She stands at the door for a moment irresolute, uncertain whether to enter or retreat, but Mrs. St. John catches sight of her.

"Irene, my darling!" she exclaims. "I am so glad you are come home—only think! This gentleman is your nearest relation on your dear father's side—his cousin, Colonel Mordaunt; isn't it wonderful that we should have met each other here?"

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

RANCID BUTTER.—Let the butter be melted and skimmed as for clarifying; then put into it a piece of bread, well toasted all over. In a minute or two the butter will lose its offensive smell and taste.

GINGERBREAD NUTS.—3lb. treacle, 4½lb. flour, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. butter, 2oz. ginger, 3oz. lemon peel, two teaspoonfuls soda; mix it altogether, and work it well, then let it stand a day or two before it is baked.

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water, if the butt turn up, they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

HAIR WASH.—Take of oil of rosemary 1½ oz. spirits of wine or bay rum 4oz.; mix these intimately, either in a mortar or by shaking them in a bottle; then add fat glycerine 4oz. Shake well until completely mixed; then add one gallon of rain water.

TO WASH BRAIDED FROCKS.—The frock should be washed in the usual way in lather (the soap not rubbed on it), then well rinse all the soap out of it, put it into strong salt and water, and let it remain for about half an hour, and dry in the open air if possible.

PLUM BUNS.—Take two pounds of plain bun paste; and half a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel cut into small pieces, half a nutmeg grated, and half an ounce of mixed spice. Form them into buns, and dent them round the edges with a knife.

GLOSSY STARCH.—Pour a pint of boiling water on two ounces of powdered gum-arabic. Cover it over and let it remain for four and twenty hours. Strain off into a bottle and cork. Put a tablespoonful with a pint of starch when required. This will give the linen a beautiful glossy appearance.

PLAIN MUTTON BROTH.—Put into a saucepan two pounds of loin or neck of mutton, having removed the skin and fat. Add two quarts of water; boil, and skim it, and removed the fat when cold. This is the proper broth for sick persons; but any addition of herbs or high seasoning will be offensive to a delicate stomach.

TO WASH WOOLLEN ARTICLES.—A strong lather should be made, and knitted articles be washed in it, squeezing them to get out the dirt; then roll them tightly in a cloth to dry. No soap should ever be rubbed on woollen goods, and they ought not to be rinsed. "Night socks," never shrink nor become hard if treated this way.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one-half cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour; the whites of three eggs; one-half a teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted with the flour. Beat butter and sugar thoroughly together, and the whites of eggs beaten to a foam, then the flour and milk, and soda the last.

TO CLEAN GOLOSSES.—Set the goloshes to dry in a cool place; when quite dry wipe them with a dry cloth, and take off any extra dirt carefully with a knife; then sponge them with warm water, the water preserves their gloss. Don't wipe them, but set them up to dry in a cool place. Kid boots may be treated in the same way. A little milk may also be used; but warm water is sufficient.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Cream should be whipped in a very cool place the afternoon before wanted; flavor delicately with lemon or vanilla, and beat in a little of the finest-sifted white sugar. When it will stand up when heaped up with a spoon put on a tammy that is only used for sweet things; place that on a dish in a cool larder to drain till wanted.

BRANDY BITTERS.—Digest a quarter of an ounce of dried orange and lemon peel and half an ounce of fresh ditto in one pint of good brandy for ten days, frequently shaking. Then press out the liquor, and filter through blotting paper. Lastly, dissolve two ounces of lump sugar therein. A very agreeable bitter, either taken as a dram, or mixed with other liquor.

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?

Life's a short summer, man a flower.

By turn we catch the vital breath and die.

The table and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

Your fate is but the common fate of all;

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

Custom does not reason overrule.

Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven!

They who forgave, most shall be forgiven.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face;

Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.

Then keep each passion down, however dear,

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

Her sensual snares let Pleasure lay,

With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.

Soar not too high, but stoop to rise;

We masters grow of all that we despise.

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Think not Ambition wise because 'tis brave,

The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat;

Only destruction to the brave and great.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

How long we live, not years but actions tell;

The man lives twice who lives the first life well.

Make, then, while yet ye may your God your friend,

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.

For live how we can, yet die we must.

and hands, and shaking her head, and so you see in her a proper companion for your life, a capable mistress for your house, and possibly a judicious and sensible mother for your children. Go your ways, John, as many a man has gone before you. You have more sense than some men, and one day you'll awaken from your foolish love-dream; only don't come then to your old aunt to get the things set straight. Now I've said my say, and I'll say no more. I'll call on Miss Jenny to-morrow, and do all things by your betrothed that your mother would have done had she been alive to see this day. Now you can go. I don't feel much like talking any more, and besides, here comes Miss Jenny. Out with you, my boys."

John deposited a hurried kiss on the wrinkled cheeks, still moist with unwept tears, and in a few moments he stood beside his lady-love, as blithesome-looking a young lover as any in Christendom. He was not ill-looking either, though strength and intellect were more the characteristics of his sturdy frame and massive features than any show of manly beauty; and he looked a fitting protector for the pretty little blue-eyed creature at whose side he had placed himself in all the security of acknowledged and accepted love.

Jenny Wyld was truly, as her lover had said, "as pretty as a pink," and very much in the rosy, tumble-to-pieces fashion of that sweet but unsettled-looking flower. A mass of sunny hair, that required pounds of crimping-pins, and hours of time to get into a state of fashionable fuzziness; big blue eyes, with a sort of astonished look in their azure depths; a little nose, "tip-tilted" in true Tennysonian fashion; a rose-bud of a mouth; and a dainty little figure, all soft curves and delicate outlines, where those outlines could be detected beneath a mass of frills and ribbons; such was Miss Jenny Wyld, the belle, and the betrothed of the rising young physician, John Irving.

She looked up into the eager, animated face of her lover with the prettiest smile in the world—a compound of childish innocence and womanly witchery, which was positively bewildering. It was not a salutation called forth by John Irving's presence. It was simply her best-company smile, and she liked to practise it—that was all.

"Why, John where did you spring from?" she asked, in as much astonishment as though the glimpse she had caught of his head at Mrs. Raymond's window had not brought her round the corner to continue her promenade past that lady's house.

Some women take to fibbing as naturally as ducks take to water.

"I was talking with Aunt Rachel about you, Jenny. She means to call upon you to-morrow."

"I shall be so glad to see her." This was fib number two, for Miss Jenny knew by instinct that Mrs. Raymond was not pleased with her nephew's choice, and she disliked the old lady accordingly.

"Just wait till John and I are married," she had remarked confidentially to her cousin and friend, Mrs. Delancey, a young married woman of some three years' standing, "and then let that old woman look out. I'll see that John and she are not any too intimate after that. I wonder if she thinks I mean to have her poking her nose into our affairs? Why, she would be worse than a mother-in-law!"

"I know she will love you dearly, Jenny, when she knows you," John went on to say.

In the innocence of his heart he did not see that he was making the damaging admission that Mrs. Raymond did not love Miss Wyld already.

"I know she will, for I shall love her—oh! so dearly!"

Here was fib number three, accompanied by another of Miss Jenny's practised glances—an upward look of the blue eyes which, when executed with a proper suffusion of tears, had been found to be irresistible.

The aquatic element was lacking on the present occasion, as there was no proper opportunity for its introduction, so a sort of timid, tremulous little smile, a kind of deprecating humble confession of unworthiness, did duty instead and was very successful. And John Irving, looking down into the dainty, flower-like face, felt an almost irresistible impulse compelling him to stoop and kiss the rosy face then and there. But he restrained himself, having due consideration for the proprieties and contented himself with remarking, enthusiastically:

"Darling, you are an angel!"

"An angel! Laws! if the angels is like her, I pity the critters as get to heaven," muttered an old woman who passed just then, tugging home her weekly mountain of frilled skirts and flounced dresses to Mrs. Wyld's house, and who often suffered from the young lady's temper and caprices.

But the remark was unheard, and the happy pair pursued their walk in peace.

They strolled on till they left the village behind them, and emerged into the pleasant woods and fields of the country beyond. At last they reached a lovely spot, known, in the parlance of the young people of the village as the Lovers' Retreat. It was a shady nook, at the foot of a well-wooded hill and on the bank of a sparkling little stream, whose babbling waters chattered merrily of their own concerns as they danced away over the pebbles.

Here the engaged pair halted and sat down. The soft, golden sunshine of an evening in early June was around them, the birds sang overhead, and the breath of flowers floated on the odorous air. Earth seemed a New Eden, and

they as fond and well nigh as innocent as the world's first pair of wedded lovers: but, as ever in all earthly Edens, the serpent of deceit was hidden not far away; no farther, in fact, than in the vain little heart of the pretty Eve of that imitation Paradise.

"John," began Miss Wyld, after a moment's pause, during which Dr. Irving sat gazing at her, and comparing her in his heart, to a bluish rose. "John, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? A secret?"

"Oh, no—only a little plan of mine. In fact, John, I am going to the sea-side to spend the summer."

"What! Away from us all here—away from me! Oh, Jenny!"

"Now, John, don't be tiresome!" ejaculated Miss Jenny, very glad in her secret heart that this announcement, for which this afternoon walk had been planned and executed, had been taken so quietly. "I'll tell you all about it. You know, last summer when I was at Brighton with the Clemsons, I met Mrs. Latour, the great belle and leader of fashion. Well, we were quite intimate all the time we were there, and this summer she wants me to join a party which she is making up to go and spend the summer at Torquay. And I think I shall accept her invitation."

"But, Jenny, do you not know that I cannot leave my practice? And, besides, Torquay is so far from here that I could only—"

"And, by the way, John, you must promise me one thing. I don't want the story of our engagement to get out till I come home; for if it does I shall not have one bit of attention this summer!"

"Attention! Jenny, do you care for the attention of other men? I thought you loved me!"

"So I do," said the young lady, sketching a big true-lover's knot on the dusty ground with the point of her parasol as she spoke. "But I don't want to be tied down, and give up all my fun just yet. I do not think you need grudge me this one summer's pleasure, John."

"I do not grudge it to you, dear, only I am sorry to lose your company for so long; but you will have a pleasant time, I daresay, and I will try to run down to Torquay as often—"

"Stop," said Jenny, holding up her finger; "that you must not do. I want to have just this one summer before I settle down for good, and if you come running after me you will be sure to let out that we are engaged."

"Jenny, this is very hard!"

"Now, do be reasonable, John."

"It is you who are unreasonable. I do not think you do right in asking such a thing of me."

Whereupon Miss Jenny began to cry. She knew how to do it wonderfully well; the blue eyes looked so soft and tender under their liquid veil, and her pretty cheeks showed like dew-sprinkled roses; beside which she was very good at a smothered little sob, like that of a tired-out baby, which was adapted to touch the heart of any man not wholly a brute.

So when she got to the sobbing point John relented and begged Miss Jenny to forgive him, which she graciously consented to do, after much persuasion.

Thus it was settled that Miss Wyld was to spend the summer at Torquay under the guardianship and chaperonage of Mrs. Crosby Latour.

Mrs. Wyld had been talked over before; not that Jenny had had much trouble with her widowed mother, for she was an only child, and had a small fortune in her own right, so that poor, weak Mrs. Wyld had not much power or control over her wilful daughter. Even had she been thoroughly acquainted with the character of the lady under whose care Jenny was about to place herself it is doubtful if she would have been able to restrain or hinder her from carrying out her plans.

Myra Latour was a married flirt. Flirting was the aim and object of her life—the thing she had, like Lamb's Mrs. Battle with whist, come into the world to do, and she did it. She was not impelled thereto by conjugal unhappiness, for Crosby Latour was a good-natured, harmless sort of being enough; but, as serpents were created to bite, so Myra Latour was born to flirt, and she flirted—flirted with anybody that could be called a man, and in any place that had a shady corner convenient for soft whispers and softer glances.

Not that she was attractive by reason of her beauty, for, apart from a shapely form and a pair of velvety dark eyes, her claims to beauty were but small. Besides, she had passed the fatal age of thirty. Yet many a younger and fairer woman had seen her cavalier lured from her by the soft glances of those dangerous eyes or the liquid accents of that melodious voice.

Then, too, Mrs. Latour had the art always to surround herself with a solar system of young and pretty girls, of whom she was the central luminary, and who were, in their turn, surrounded by satellites who basked in the rays of their radiant centre, and served to swell her following and increase her importance.

Several members of this fair phalanx having seceded on account of matrimony, Mrs. Latour felt herself compelled to look about for new recruits, and so her thoughts naturally reverted to the pretty, piquante little girl whom she met at Brighton the year before, and in whom she had recognized, not only a future auxiliary, and possibly a valuable one, but also a kindred spirit.

Hence the invitation to Miss Wyld to join her party at Torquay—an invitation which the young lady had first accepted with eagerness.

and then set about getting permission from parent and future husband.

The weeks that intervened between the promenade we have chronicled and the day of Miss Jenny's departure were weeks fraught with much millinery and many new garments for the young lady, and with very little satisfaction for John Irving, who had expected to pass much of that period in the companionship of his betrothed, but who found his claims superseded by the claims of the dressmaker, and who, on the few and unfrequent occasions when he was permitted to see her, was constantly interrupted by such speeches from the regions above as "Miss Jenny, will you have the blue-silk trimmed with flounces or folds?" "Miss Jenny, shall I gore all the widths of your gray poplin?" "Miss Jenny, did you get the black velvet for your white gauze?" "Will you have six roses in your hat or only four?"

The poor fellow was well nigh demented. He bore it all, however, with that gentle, kindly patience often to be observed in large-minded and large-hearted men, and which makes them such unresisting victims to the wiles of kittenish maidens and shrewish wives.

At last the bright July morning came on which he bade farewell to his lady-love at the station and saw her whirled away in the carriage, with a paper-covered novel in her lap, her face bright with gay anticipation, and her lips wreathed with smiles. And he, poor fellow, went slowly and sorrowfully home, with all the sadness of the parting aching at his large, honest heart, and with a gnawing, cankering little doubt of the perfect loveliness and ardent attachment of that heart's idol creeping into his soul. For John Irving was no fool, though he had been rendered blind and bewildered by reason of the prettiness and the witchery of the only woman who had ever really fascinated him.

The hotel swooped down upon by Mrs. Latour and her gay and thoughtless set had been a quiet, sober house in bygone days, famed mostly for its excellent cuisine and the respectability and high standing of the guests; but these noisy intruders had brought with them a certain amount of gaiety and life which the old hotel had never known before; and on this particular August evening of which we write there was an unwonted stir and animation perceptible.

A ball, with a supper to follow, had been planned by some of Mrs. Latour's particular admirers, and was to be put that evening into execution, regardless of the quiet matrons, whose cozy games of whist and confidential chats were thus broken up by the unceremonious appropriation of the drawing-room by the younger members of the circle. But deference for age and consideration for the comfort of others are two virtues as unfashionable as untrimmed dresses at the present day, and so the elderly people had been invited to step out, and the chairs in the drawing-room were duly ranged in rows, and knotted together with handkerchiefs, while the musicians tuned their instruments, and the children skirmished in and out of the room, or peeped furtively in at the door, awed by the stern visage and savage tones of that high and mighty personage, the leader of the entertainment, who was superintending the preliminary arrangements.

On the porch outside the dispossessed married ladies sat in solemn conclave, and discussed people and things with freedom, though with truth, while gaily attired girls flitted in and out through the darkness, and every doorway was a nucleus for a group of white-cravated, dress-coated and white-gloved beaux, who were awaiting there the advent of their respective partners.

"Here comes Myra Latour," said one of these ladies as Mrs. Latour, arrayed in a jetty cloud of lace and tulle, her white shoulders showing, in their dusky draperies, like pearls in a black enamel setting, and her hands loaded with bouquets, swept slowly past. "She is always ready half an hour before every one else."

"I think I saw Miss Trevor come downstairs just now," said another. "And Miss Wyldie was in the parlor half an hour ago."

"Oh! she is with Nugent Bates. I saw them go off together just before we came out here."

"It is a pity," said another speaker, "that Miss Wyldie's mother, if she has a mother, should let her run about the world unprotected, and apparently unprotected. She is too pretty and too forward to be allowed to go alone in such a reckless fashion."

"Jenny Wyldie? Wild Jenny, as the young men call her? Yes, she out-herods Herod. Even Myra Latour is distanced by her this summer."

"Down by the sea with Nugent Bates this evening; flirting with Allan Westbury on the back piazza till past midnight last night; driving out alone with that horrid scamp, Rupert Delahaye—I should say that Wild Jenny had earned her nick-name very fairly."

"Who is to be her partner to-night?"

"Oh! Nugent Bates, of course. I wonder if his sister, Mrs. Conways, feels pleased to see him carrying on so with this girl. You know she tried hard to make up a match between Nugent and Gussie Harris last summer, after old Mr. Harris died and left Gussie so much money; but, somehow, the whole thing fell through."

"Don't be so sure of that. I have half a notion that they are privately engaged. Besides, Harriet Conway need not be afraid of any serious consequences from Nugent's flirtation with that Miss Wyldie. He has too much sense to marry a girl who has been so talked about."

Just then the speakers were startled by the sudden appearance of a young man, a stranger, who, emerging from the shadow of one of the

pillars near which the group was seated, moved swiftly off. The conversation took another turn, and Miss Wyldie and her flirtations were for a time forgotten.

Meanwhile the stranger who had so startled the speakers kept on his way till he reached a portion of the piazza devoted to the gentlemen. There, lighting a cigar, he sat down in the shadow of one of the pillars, and remained apparently lost in thought.

A few minutes later Miss Wyldie, leaning on her attendant cavalier's arm, came swiftly up the dark path and crossed the light piazza, to enter the drawing-room, where the dancers were rapidly assembling.

Pretty as a pink! If Mrs. Raymond's epithet had been true when applied to the young lady in ordinary walking costume it was doubly correct when its fair object was arrayed in that most becoming of dresses, a demi-evening dress. It was only a white muslin, ruffled, puffed, and flounced à la mode; but the Roman scarf of pale blue and rose-color, which served as a sash, was so artistically knotted, and there was so much style and grace in the daintily coiffed head, with its tiny bow of ribbon to match the sash, set amid the shining masses of gold; and a handsome ornament or two were so judiciously disposed to heighten the effect of the whole that the pretty wearer looked prettier than ever.

Whatever else Miss Jenny might have lost during her sojourn, under the tutelage of Myra Latour, she had undoubtedly gained in style and general elegance.

The dance progressed smoothly and merrily; and, next to Mrs. Latour, Jenny Wyldie was the bright particular star of the evening; her youth, her freshness, her keen enjoyment of all gaiety and fun, and, above all, the charm of novelty, having made her the great success of the season.

At last the ball came to end; the tired-out musicians gathered up their instruments and departed, the sleepy-looking waiters came to extinguish the lights, and the dancers dispersed, some to retire to rest, while others, wakeful with excitement, and still unwearied, went out on the broad piazza to inhale the delicious salt air and to take a look at the moon.

Among these last were Nugent Bates and Miss Wyldie; but their promenading was cut suddenly short by the appearance of a dark figure from behind one of the pillars, who, advancing into the moonlight, stood full in the path of the pair.

The young lady uttered a stifled scream.

"John—John Irving!" she cried. "Why, where in the world did you come from?"

"No farther than from the hotel here. May I request the favor of a few minutes' conversation with you? This gentleman will excuse you, no doubt."

"Certainly. An old friend from home, Mr. Bates; and I am so anxious to hear all the news."

Nugent Bates, with a half-uttered phrase of regret, released the young lady's arm from his own, bowed, and departed. Then Jenny turned to the unwelcome intruder with a half-frown upon her brow.

"You startled me terribly just now, and you have forgotten your promise to me. Did you not promise to let me spend this summer in peace?"

There was no lover-like rapture in John Irving's face or manner as he stood there in the bright moonlight before his betrothed. Weeks had stretched themselves into months since they two had stood face to face, and yet it was the stern countenance of a judge, not the charmed look of a reunited lover, that he bent on the flushed, vexed visage of the young girl.

"I will not trouble you long," he said, in tones whose firm, cold evenness thrilled her heart with something very like affright, "nor will I pause to ask you if I am the only one of us twain who has forgotten a promise. But I come of an old-fashioned race, and I have been reared in old-fashioned ideas, and amongst them is the opinion that a young lady's lips and waist are to be held sacred from all masculine touch save from the man who is about to become her husband. I saw Allan Westbury snatch a kiss from you last evening; it was not hard for him to do, I must confess. I saw Nugent Bates's arm around your waist when you were down by the sea together a while ago. Rupert Delahaye wears to-night the rosebud that he took from your hair yesterday. To which of those three men are you engaged?"

"You know I am engaged to neither of them. I was engaged to you; but you have no right to play the spy upon me!"

"No right when the whole happiness of my life was at stake? No right to look on at a game played before a hundred spectators? When rumors reached me three weeks ago of the merry sports here I determined that I would come down to see for myself. I have been staying for three days at another hotel, but I have lingered here of evenings in the darkness till I have heard and seen enough."

"What?"

This one word came quick and sharp, for Miss Jenny was aware of more than one frolic that would tell but ill for her behavior, if retailed to her friends.

"It does not matter what I know. I have told you some of the things I have seen; but you may trust me—no unkind word respecting you shall ever pass my lips. But our engagement is at an end, and I leave you free to follow your own devices in the future."

"Oh, John, what do you mean? You surely are not so foolish as to break our engagement just for such nonsense?" and Miss Jenny, smitten to the heart by the thought of losing not

only John Irving and his comfortable property but Mrs. Raymond's handsome fortune in the future as well, burst into a very real and unforced fit of weeping.

But her tears were of no effect. Samson had broken the seven green withes of Delilah, and her wiles were powerless to retain him.

"Could you for a moment fancy that I would make you my wife did I once find out your style of behavior at this place? I have loved you very dearly—Heaven alone knows how dearly; and my heart, as I put you from it, is almost broken; but better that it should ache now than be made desolate hereafter. Had you ever loved me, Jenny, you could not have played at love-making with these men—frivolous pleasure-seekers all, who will dance with you, flirt with you, romp with you; but never, never love you as I have done. For I did love you, Jenny, so dearly."

"Then why are you so cross to me, John?" She turned toward him with a timid smile breaking through the lustre of her tears. "You know I love you—"

"Stop!" he said, quickly, holding up his hand as if to repel her, for she had advanced a step or two toward him. "Do not profane the name of that most sacred feeling. You love me! Dare you say that, with another man's kisses upon your face, and the print of still another man's arm fresh on the ribbon that girds your waist? No, no, you never loved me—that I know now. Go to your admirers, pick out the one you like best, and may he be happy with his wife."

Without another look at the tearful face, that showed so fair in the moonlight, he turned away, sprang from the piazza, and was lost to sight in the distant shadows.

"After all, it is as well," she said to herself, on her way up to bed. "He was horribly dignified, and now I shall spend next winter with Myra Latour, and marry Nugent Bates."

And John Irving! Did he too go his way, light-hearted and uncaring, after the words that severed him for ever from the woman he loved had been spoken? Does the strong soldier suffer nothing after the surgeon's keen knife has removed the shattered limb, or the gangrened flesh, that else would cause his death? A dull headache, a sore sense of loss, long haunted the true heart that had shaped itself into so grand a shrine for such an unworthy little idol.

It is such natures as that of John Irving which alone have the capacity for suffering. The empty-headed and hollow-hearted expose an impervious shell to the stings and arrows of wronged or misplaced affection. The souls that find their aspirations filled by a dance, a flirtation, or a bouquet, are not apt to be troubled by yearning tendernesses or mistaken fondness. The soldier who snatched the silver cup from the banquet table in "Quentin Durward" bore his booty away applauded, and in safety; but he that clutched the gem-decked vase of gold saw his prize torn from his grasp, and he perished miserably.

I F.

If I could have my choice
Of you, or all the treasures earth could hold—
Lover so true—
I should choose you.
You, with your laughing voice,
Are more to me than shining gems or gold.

If I could have my choice
Of you, or in Fame's highest niche to shine—
You should be mine,
As I am thine.
You, with your sweet, low voice,
And perfect face, and dark hair soft and fine.

If I could have my choice
Of you, or of a poet's tender wreath—
Lover so true—
I should choose you.
You, with your tender voice,
And crimson lips half showing pear-white teeth.

TWICE MARRIED.

When I married Eunice Morgan I was in my own estimation and that of many of my friends a ruined man. I had money, talent and culture, yet a terrible sorrow which came to me five years before, and whose memory had never departed, had made of me a nerveless, purposeless misanthrope. Yielding to the solicitations of friends, who thought a fit companion might restore me to the world, I solicited the hand of Eunice Morgan, who had known me from early childhood, and she gave me not only herself, but restored to me my own old self, purified, elevated, and strengthened. With the tact, affection, and character of the ideal woman in whom we all believe, she made life sweeter to me than the lost life I had bemoaned; and the sacrifice of her noble self which she has made for me seemed to fill her own existence with constant joy.

A few years before, while I was returning from the Continental tour which followed my graduation, I met and worshipped Anita Lozatos, a beautiful Cuban. My position in society was unexceptional, I was rich, and I pressed my suit with all of the ardor of a warm young heart and a fluent tongue. So I was speedily accepted by Anita, and her parents, and we were soon married. In one of the charming villages near New York I built for my bride

an exquisite villa in a noble grove of old chestnut trees, and furnished it with everything which her desire and caprices suggested. I was still a student, and an ardent one, but there were few hours in the day in which I did not for a few moments drop my books and seek and adore my beautiful, my glorious wife.

Slowly I learned the sad fact that Anita's fondness for me was only a passionate, fitful outburst, instead of a constant affection. I had never in the cooler moments of my courtship expected her to sympathize with my studious tastes, but when I comprehended that even my companionship was distasteful to her, and that I received her smiles only in exchange for such pleasures as I purchased for her, I became a very unhappy man. Trying to gain her affection, if she were capable of bestowing such a sentiment, I abandoned my studies entirely. I devoted my entire time to the duty of pleasing my wife. I spent without stint the money which had been left me by a rich father. I filled the house with company, I purchased a city house in which we passed the winter, and did all that a devoted and anxious heart could do to win the love of the woman I held so dear.

And I imagined, poor fool, that I was succeeding. The painstaking and anxiety of several days devoted to procuring her some new pleasure were fully repaid by the parting of her ripe lips, the light darting into her glorious eyes, and the claspings of her beautiful arms, which always indicated my successes. The tiresomeness to me of a large party of people who could only dance, drink, and eat was always relieved when, after the last guest had departed, Anita would draw me down to her and kiss me a dozen times, and tell me that I was a dear delightful old boy.

At the close of one of the most brilliant entertainments I had ever given I strolled restlessly through the drawing-rooms, the verandas, and the conservatory, looking for my darling. She had been unusually beautiful throughout the evening, and when I had caught her eye it had been so full of feeling and tenderness that I had longed for the moment to arrive when we might be alone, and I might for the thousandth time renew my declarations of affection. She had gone suddenly to her rooms, the servants said, and had left word she would return in a moment.

I continued my aimless strolling, when, entering the library, I found on the open volume I had last been reading a slip of paper bearing a line in Anita's delicate handwriting. It read:

"I cannot love you, for you are too great for poor little me. I have found one I can love. God forgive me and bless you."

I fell, and knew no more until days afterward when I emerged from the delirium of a fever. Against my will I recovered, but my spirits, my high aims and purposes, it seemed I had lost forever. I attempted to recommence the long course of reading and study I had determined upon when I left college, but I found myself devoid of aim or energy.

For several years I led a desolate life, never hearing of Anita, but holding her constantly and tenderly in my heart in spite of her faithlessness. One day there appeared at my villa a rough-looking foreigner, who said he was a sailor, and had been handsomely paid to bring me tidings of the death of my wife, who had been washed overboard from the deck of a vessel in the Mediterranean. He could tell me nothing more about her, except that she was travelling alone at the time of the accident, and had left among her papers a note enclosing a large bank-note to pay for intelligence being sent me in the event of her sudden death at any time.

I informed two or three faithful friends of the sad fate of my wife, and they, who had been unwearied in their endeavors to rally me, insisted that I ought to marry again. At first I utterly refused to listen to the suggestion, but so skillful and untiring were they that they finally prevailed upon me to re-enter society. Then, with an apology, I offered to Eunice Morgan the remains of my former self, and she accepted me as sweetly as if I had been in all of the cheerfulness of untroubled youth.

How she unmade and remade me I cannot tell, for I was scarcely conscious of what was taking place. But so fully did she sympathize with all of my old hopes and aspirations that I soon found myself at my studies with an energy and ability I had never before possessed. The constancy of her sense and sympathy was even exceeded by that of her affection, which seemed never to slumber for an instant. Finally, when, on my return from an enforced absence for a few days, Eunice from her couch sweetly handed to me a wee warm miniature of herself, my cup of joy seemed full to overflowing.

As Eunice recovered, she spent most of her time in the grove and garden which surrounded the house. These, to gratify Anita's tropical tastes, I had prepared without regard to expense, and, now that all of the shrubbery had gained several years of growth, one could roam about for days and still find new and beautiful combinations and effects. There, whenever I wearied of my books for awhile, I sought my darlings, and always found in their society exactly the recreation I needed.

One evening as I wandered through the garden in hopes of suddenly surprising Eunice and her little namesake, I suddenly emerged from a group of shrubbery and beheld a scene that startled me. Eunice, who was to me the ideal of all that was pure and faithful and noble, sat in a rustic chair, and at her feet, clasping her

hand, and murmuring passionately, was a slight, handsome foreigner, whose features were strange to me. Eunice, my trusted wife, seemed deeply affected—so much so that the cries of her little daughter, who had fallen to the ground a few steps away, were unheeded. My footsteps startled them, and the man, glancing hastily at me across his shoulder, sprang to his feet and bounded hastily away, while Eunice, still tearful, maintained a composure which astounded me, and gave me a searching pitying tender look which completely bewildered me. For a moment or two I was speechless, and then I asked:

"Who was that man, Eunice?"

"A poor beggar, Herbert," she replied.

"He was very finely dressed for a person in that profession," said I. The suspicion which for the time filled my mind probably betrayed itself in my tone, for Eunice arose, proud, handsome, and angry, and exclaimed:

"Herbert! do you doubt my word?"

Never, in her most tender moment, had I seen Eunice so perfect a picture of purity and nobility. My suspicions were disarmed in an instant, and, throwing my arms about her neck, I begged her pardon, and expressed my penitence in the fullest terms I could command until with her own dear lips she stopped my utterance entirely.

From that day there commenced a series of changes in Eunice's manner, which by turns perplexed, embarrassed, grieved, and provoked me. At first I attributed her strange manner to my grievous blunder in momentarily distrusting her faith, so I was unceasing in apologies and in my endeavors to make atonement by showing even more affection than that which seemed already to occupy my entire thought and time. But when she admitted that my mistake had been a fully justifiable one, I became convinced that there was a different cause for her change of demeanor. Though more than ever devoted to my interests, hopes, and tastes, she seemed to shrink from the close and tender companionship which had previously existed between us.

Little by little she withdrew herself from me, until we were little more than polite acquaintances. Pretending that our little daughter might disturb my rest by her wakefulness, Eunice arranged for herself apartments near those which Anita had occupied. These latter had been locked immediately after Anita's departure, and had never been entered by any one. Then, though apparently in the best of health, Eunice complained of frequent indisposition, during which attacks she had her meals sent to her room, and our housekeeper remarked, that my wife had an unusual appetite when sick.

Time after time I implored her to tell me the cause of her sadness and strangeness, but every time I alluded to the subject she would look so unutterably sad and weep so bitterly that out of regard for her I finally desisted entirely. She said that I had never made her unhappy—that my love for her had been greater than she had ever believed could be shown by man to woman, and that she had rather be my slave than the wife of any other man in the world. But when, moved by the passion of her words and looks, I begged her, for her love's sake, to tell me the cause of her sorrow, and put it in my power to remove it if possible, she would burst into tears—even my caresses seemed to be unendurable to her.

As for me, my own life became utterly miserable. The idea of a dreadful secret sorrow in the life of the woman I loved so dearly was insupportable, yet there was no honorable escape from it. Any privation from her society I would have cheerfully endured if I could have thereby restored to her the happiness she seemed to have lost entirely, but the thought that my suffering was fruitless of any good to her only added to my misery. I lost my spirits, my appetite, my interest in my studies, and finally ability to sleep. Night after night I spent on the veranda, or gloomily strolling under the old chestnuts about the house, wondering, hoping, praying, cursing—sometimes almost determined to end Eunice's life and mine, and learn her secret after we were both rid of its blighting effects.

One dark windy night I was pacing the veranda, long after midnight, when I was startled by a bright light appearing in the room which had been Anita's chamber. I instantly determined that thieves, having heard the story which every gossip in the village knew, had selected this night in which to carry away some of the valuable contents of my poor erring wife's apartments. For years her memory had been to me a thing of the past, but now the idea that rude hands could touch anything once dear of the woman I had loved, roused me to the wildest fury. Hastily taking a revolver from my desk, and snatching from a case of curiosities a two-pointed Malay dagger, I softly ran through a passage which led to the room where the light was shining. I stopped at Eunice's room to warm her against unnecessary alarm, but to my surprise Eunice was not there. Could she be in Anita's chamber, I wondered? I crept along the passage, pausing at every step or two to listen. The door of the long-closed chamber stood ajar, and suddenly I heard sounds which seemed to stop my heart-beats. I heard the voice of Eunice and a voice which was hoarse, rapid, eager, and with a foreign accent.

In an instant I was almost mad with jealousy. The well-dressed foreign beggar—my wife's sorrow and her mysterious conduct—her withdrawal from my companionship and my chamber—her frequent indispositions—the bountiful

meals consumed at such time—her aversion to my caresses—all that had happened since the day I had surprised my wife and the beggar, linked itself together in one strong chain of damning evidence against my wife. She had loved the foreigner—she had brought him into the house of the man she was wronging—she had secreted him in the room she knew were safe from intrusion—she had even fed him from her husband's table.

A terrible calm quickly succeeded my fury, but found me cruel, vengeful, merciless. I would surprise them. I would quickly and surely slay them, and then, taking my little daughter, I would fly forever from the home which had so terribly disgraced me.

Hastily I threw open the door, but it turned noiselessly on its hinges without disturbing the occupants of the room, and revealed to me a scene which struck me dumb. On the pillow of the dainty couch of my lost wife lay the worn, wasted, unmistakable face of Anita Lozatos! By the bedside, clad in white, with her golden hair unbound, and rippling over her face and shoulders, stood Eunice. Her eyes were full of tears, while all the tenderness of pity, sorrow, and compassion heightened the beauty of her pure features into something almost angelic. One of her hands was tightly held by Anita; with the other she was pointing upward.

"Forgive me again," groaned Anita, hoarsely. "For the pain my presence has given you."

"Ask forgiveness of God," replied Eunice. "I have only done my duty."

"The years of pain I gave Herbert," continued Anita—"can he ever forgive—"

"Ask God," said Eunice, still pointing upward.

"Ah, yes, my sister," said Anita, "but I am not a saint like you. God had all His angels to comfort Him when I sinned, but Herbert was alone with his sorrow. Do you think he will forgive my soul after it has left my body?"

"He will forgive you now," replied Eunice. "His is a noble soul, and he is—your husband. Let me bring him."

"Oh, do not! I dare not meet him! Before I could tell him all he would curse me!" cried Anita, shuddering and shutting her eyes as if to hide some dreadful sight.

"You do not know him," replied Eunice. "He is honor itself. Whatever is pitiful, honorable, manly, Christian, that is Herbert. He shall forgive you!"

"He will!" I cried, advancing to the bedside. Eunice started; Anita, with a wild cry, hid her face in the pillow.

"Your wife is dying," whispered Eunice. "She has suffered terribly. Be to her all you can in her few remaining moments." And in an instant Eunice disappeared.

Tenderly I raised Anita in my arms and kissed her brow. She opened her eyes and gazed into mine with a look at once glad and imploring.

"Herbert," she whispered, "I was infatuated on that awful night, but I repented before I had got outside the grounds. I cursed my tempter as if I were mad. I hurried back to secure my note before you should see it, but I arrived only in time to see you fall. Then I ran away—I know not where—but I never dared to come back to you. I was swept overboard at sea once, and before I was rescued I was smitten by a terrible cold from which I never recovered. When I found I must die I dragged myself here, disguised in male attire, to look at you once more. Your noble wife recognized me, and I told her my story. I couldn't help it—it seemed like confessing to a pure angel. She declared she would tell you; that I should have my lawful husband, and she would leave you forever. I only prevented her by vowing to kill myself if she did. Then she declared these rooms were mine; that I should live in them; she forced me to come; I did not want to. She has fed me; she has comforted me; she has been doctor and priest to me. She—oh, God!"

Anita stepped suddenly and struggled for breath. I gently brushed her heavy black hair back from her temples. Again she spoke:

"Herbert, hear my last words; they are true, as I hope for mercy. No lips but yours ever touched mine—no arms but yours were ever around me. For a few hours my heart forgot you, and for each hour I have paid a year of suffering. Was it enough?"

Her great dark eyes struggled against their fate as they looked for my coming answer; her pale thin lips, once so rich and red, now twitched nervously. For an instant I pressed her tenderly to my heart, and when again I looked at her her eyelids were drooping over the eyes in which death's dimness could not hide the love there was there, while her lips were breaking into the smile which never again left them. A moment later Anita Lozatos stood at the bar of the Judge who knew of her atonement as well as her sin.

I went in search of Eunice and found her sobbing on her bed. I kissed her and whispered:

"She is dead, darling."

"So is my secret—my terrible secret," sobbed Eunice.

With my own hands I dug her grave in a maze in the garden, where she used to spend many of her moments. Eunice, self-forgetful, saintly Eunice, robbed the poor clay in the dress it had worn on her wedding day, and together we laid her in her last earthly home. None but Eunice, Anita, and myself knew the key to the maze, so that one evening when I stole in to look at the ground where so much sorrow had found rest, and found the grave covered with forget-me-nots, I knew that Anita had taken with her all misery that had been poisoning Eunice's life.

I MUST LOVE THEE.

That I must love thee, in despite
Of my heart's utter hopelessness,
And that the thought of thee sheds light
And radiant joy upon the night
Of my most deep and dark distress,
I do confess.

That, wishing to destroy the spell
Which thy surpassing beauty laid
Upon my heart and mind, and dwell
Upon my heart and mind, and dwell
Free from the pangs no words may tell,
Pangs by which ruined hearts are made,
And hopes betrayed,

That, wishing thus, I've had recourse
To every weak and worthless thing,
Trusting they might overcome the force
Of passion's wild imaginings,
I do confess; and now Thought brings
For these dark deeds renewed remorse
With anguished stings.

Yet I have combated my heart,
And almost deem that I have power,
Strengthened by Reason's cooler art,
To bid each passionate thought depart—
Yes, thus I deemed the last dear hour
Spent in thy bower.

If this be but a fleeting dream,
And if I find I cannot bear
Safely to gaze on charms which seem
For this our earth too heavenly fair,
I then must yield, and, in despair,
Shun those transcendent eyes, whose beam
Can so ensnare!

OLIVER MARKS.

Very little was known concerning Oliver Marks, or "Old Marks," as he was more familiarly termed. He had come to our village just at the close of a cold November day, some fifteen years before the date of my story, bringing with him a little girl about four years of age, a snarly dog, and two sacks. He could not be induced to ride from the railway station but hired a wheelbarrow, stowed his sacks therein, placed the child on them, and wheeled his burden to a little shanty he had hired for his home, his Scotch terrier following him.

It was said that the child slept on the floor that night, wrapped in an old blanket, while her strange guardian prowled through the four small rooms that the house contained, wringing his hands, pulling at his hair and uttering weird groans. But this may have been mere rumor.

The next day a few cheap household utensils, including two beds and bedding, a table and three chairs, were brought from the station and put down in front of the old man's door, he positively refusing to let the man who brought them step inside his threshold.

From that time until this no one, save the village physician, had ever entered Marks's domicile, and people said he must have been bound by oath not to reveal anything, for not a word could be drawn from him regarding his queer patients.

On the evening of which I write Old Marks sat in a high-backed chair, his long, bony arms folded, his legs crossed, and his projectile-shaped head bent forward. His hazel eyes, strangely brilliant, shone out from their deep sockets like lamps in a coal mine; his weakened, wrinkled face looked thinner, yellower than ever. He sat gazing across the deal table toward his friend, his slave, his companion—Abbie!

'Twas the only name she could remember—the only one she had ever heard, and she had never thought to ask for a second. To her name, lineage or destiny she had never given a moment's consideration. It mattered little anyway. Like an animal brought up in one pasture she cared not for a change as long as the feed lasted. And yet there were intelligence in her brown eyes and beauty in her white, round face and extreme neatness in her simple attire. The fires of life, animation, ambition perhaps, slumbered in her breast, waiting only a spark to ignite them. It is very likely that Old Marks thought of this as he sat staring at her, and saw her lips quiver a little as with a half-expressed sigh, for he shook his head and muttered something audible to himself only.

The candle on the table flickered, as the cold December wind stole in through the loose sash and sent ghostly shadows dancing from one bare wall to the other.

The old dog, feeble now like his master, lifted his head, growled lazily, and then settled back under the stove.

Abbie arose, walked slowly across the room and added more wood to the fire.

Then, standing close to the stove to feel the warmth, she said, abruptly:

"I wish we could have a clock!"

"A clock, Ab?" rejoined the old man, in a squeaking voice. "What do you want of a clock?"

"Why, to tell how the time goes," she answered, in her simple way.

"To tell how time goes?" he repeated, with a shrill laugh and a horrible contraction of his facial muscles. "Look at me, Ab—look at me, and see how my arms have shrunk, how my legs have bowed in, how my hair has fallen out, how my flesh has warped, and you can tell easy enough how the time goes."

He came forward to her side, placed his hands

over the stove for a moment, and then, rubbing them fiercely, continued:

"You'll feel time as I do; you'll feel it in your body, your brain, and soon enough too. Do you suppose you'll ever look like me, eh?"

"No," she replied, honestly.

"But you will, you will, you'll tremble as I do; you'll cry and pray for strength as I do, but it won't come! Bah! what do you want of a clock?"

With a contemptuous glance, and an impatient fling of his arm he returned to his chair.

The maiden yawned and pushed a glossy tress of hair from her brow. His wild manner, his horrible words had no terror for her; she was accustomed to both.

Another long interval of gloomy silence.

"It is snowing," said the girl, pressing her face to the window and peering out into the night.

The man started as if a knife had pierced his flesh, his eyes dilated, his face grew white.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her attention attracted to him by his labored breathing.

"Matter, Ab? Where's your memory?" he shouted. "Haven't I told you never to mention snow to me? Curse the snow!"

"I didn't mean to," she answered, beginning to cry.

"Tears? oh, how I hate them! Stop, Ab. Don't you have enough to eat?"

"Yes; but you don't!"

"I? What of that? I find no joy in food! Ugh! it disgusts me! Fools court disease by tickling their palates. No more tears, Ab. Did I ever abuse you?"

"No."

"Enough, then! I'm tired talking. Go to bed! Ha! What's that?"

He rose from his seat and listened intently, his shining eyes rolling restlessly in their sockets. The dog came out from behind the stove, slunk at his master's feet and looked around savagely.

"Help! Help! I perish!" sounded, in wailing tones from the outside, and mingled with the voice of the storm.

"It's somebody in the snow."

"Snow again! I'll choke you, Ab, if you ever say that again."

"But he cries as if his strength was nearly gone! Oh, let him come in, he is some poor traveller who has lost his way. There, he begs us once more to come to him."

"Let him beg. What is he to me or you? Keep away from the door, Ab, keep away," cried Old Marks, shaking both his clenched fists and glaring at her like a wild beast. "I don't keep an inn, do I? Stop, don't dare me, you haven't an idea what I am yet. I like you, but I'll kill any other mortal that darkens that door without my bidding. Do you hear, Ab?"

"Yes; but if he should die there—"

A low, gurgling howl broke from the old man's lips, his face seemed to swell and turn blue, his long teeth grated, and his joints cracked as he thrashed himself about. Abbie, for the first time frightened, shrank into one corner and covered her face with her hands.

"The fiends put words into your mouth to-night, girl!" he articulated, in a rasping voice.

"Tis not safe for you to stay here. To bed—to bed, I say! I would be alone."

Once more that low groan came from the drifting snow and the girl shuddered as she heard it, and thought of her utter inability to relieve the poor wayfarer.

Old Marks rightly interpreted her expression, and, suddenly blowing out the light, grasped her firmly but gently by the shoulder and marched her into her room. As he returned the wind whistled and screamed, and blew the snow against the windows in clouds. The old man dropped down in front of the stove, and sat there in the darkness listening to the fury of the tempest with a fiendish delight.

An hour might have passed when he arose, lighted the candle and gazed sharply around. The appeals for help had long since died away, and now the storm king reigned triumphant: the windows shook under the blast, the chimneys gave forth moans that sounded almost human, and the trees sighed and creaked in the breath of the wind.

"There's no one about—everybody sleeps. The idiot who called has called in vain. I'll look once more at Abbie's legacy. Ha! ha! She doesn't dream what she'll have when I'm gone. She shan't neither! Her youth shall be spent with me, and what is money after the ardor of youth has passed?"

He chuckled revengefully, and passed from the kitchen into his chamber, which was furnished with a cot bed, a box, and a rude chair of his own construction. There was only one window in the apartment and that was strongly boarded up. Shutting the door and locking it securely, he sat down upon the floor and listened as if in fear.

Then with a muttered curse he took a cold chisel from the box and began prying up a board in the floor. Having removed the first one which she had undoubtedly laid himself, as it measured only two feet in length, he began on another; and finally removed a third, disclosing an aperture of nearly two feet square. Gazing down into the dark vault, he smiled exultingly, and then plunging his hand in drew forth a bag, which was tied in the centre with twine. Lifting this upon the bed, he seated himself beside it, and slowly unwound the cord, his fingers trembling the while as if with ague.

Having opened the sack, he took from it several bundles of letters tied with blue ribbon—blue once, but now faded and nearly threadbare. He looked at them once, these yellow

missives, and then clutched his hair in agony, while his chest heaved convulsively. Anon tears fell from his cavernous eyes, fell thick and fast, and choking sobs welled up from his beating heart.

Again he put his hand into the bag and took therefrom a rusty dagger. Instantly his eyes became dry, his muscles rigid and wild, an exulting laugh broke from his lips, a laugh to strike horror to the strongest nature. Then grasping the blade he swung it around his head several times, while foam gathered from his lips, and his eyes gleamed with diabolical rage.

Pausing suddenly in his mad antics, he bustled the articles back into the bag, and getting down upon the floor drew another from the vault. Raising this upon the bed by main strength, he opened it, and drew from it several small bags. These he turned upside down and with a musical tinkle and a dazzling glitter hundreds of gold coins came rattling out!

An eager, gratified smile settled upon Marks' withered features, and clutching a handful of the gold he rubbed it fondly, and pressed it to his lips, and gazed upon it reverently.

Another and another bag he emptied until a little mountain of the precious metal grew up by his side. Now his eyes glowed with an insane joy, his every nerve quivered with delight, and bending over the shining mineral he pressed face against it, and murmured endearing words.

But yet his covetous heart was not satisfied, and diving into the bag again he brought out six large packages of notes—bank notes. These he counted with feverish glee, and laughed, and nodded his head, and uttered words of praise to himself. Until his nerves were completely unstrung, until he was short of breath and weary, he gloated over his treasures, then he restored them to the bag, and replaced the bag in its hiding-place.

"Ten thousand pounds in gold," he whispered, as he laid the boards in their place. "But I'm poor, very poor! Oh, yes! the idiots! Why don't they outwit Marks? Twenty thousand pounds in notes—all good! The man is not born that can do it! I'll sleep now, and get strength; I can sleep like an infant."

Taking a pistol from beneath his pillow, he examined the caps, saw that all was in order, and put it back again. Then, hastily disrobing himself, he crept into bed.

As soon as day dawned Abbie was up and out at the front door, dreading, yet expecting, to see a human form frozen in the snow; but no such terrible spectacle greeted her vision. Determined to be sure that he was not buried in the snow, she took the old fire shovel, and cleared several spots in front of the door.

"Hurrah! he's safe!" she exclaimed, in her childish way. "Somebody helped him—somebody with a heart."

Returning to the kitchen, and brushing the snow from her dress and shoes, she set about building a fire. In a few moments a grateful warmth circulated through the dismal room, the kettle sang merrily, and Abbie, feeling very joyous in consequence of her discovery, sang too, but it was a song of nature, for as yet she had never heard one in words; her voice was very sweet, however.

Presently Old Marks came in from his chamber, and sitting down by the stove began to shiver and tremble. Heat seemed to have no effect upon him, for he momentarily grew worse.

"You are very ill. Let me go for the doctor," said the maiden, anxiously.

"Doctor!" he repeated, with chattering teeth. "I've no money to waste on him. He's getting too much money together. He can afford a horse. I can't. Ugh! how cold 'tis! Is there any rum left?"

"Yes."

And the girl hastened to the old closet, and found a bottle containing a gill of rum. Turning it into a cup she gave it to Marks, and he added about two gills of boiling hot water. Then, rolling himself in a dilapidated blanket, he drained the mixture at one gulp and laid down beside the stove. The dog, gratified at the proximity of his master, placed his nose upon his arm, and cuddled close to him.

Abbie ate her simple breakfast of rye bread and pork in silence, occasionally glancing with solicitude toward her companion.

Hours passed. The old man slept soundly. Abbie, sitting at the window, saw boys pass by with shovels on their shoulders, and watched them dreamily as they cleared the snow from the ice preparatory to enjoying the pastime of skating. Noon was at hand, but she dared not awaken Marks, and as she was not particularly hungry she made no preparations for dinner beyond placing the tea-pot upon the stove.

Still standing at the window, with her chin resting upon her hand, she saw youths and maidens hurrying to the ice, with skates slung over their shoulders. And then, very suddenly, a tall male figure, well dressed, obstructed her view, and, looking up in wonder and fear, she beheld a pair of blue eyes gazing upon her with deep interest. Never before had she seen a young man in close proximity, and she regarded him with curiosity, while her neck and face became crimson.

He smiled and nodded, and she could feel her heart beat faster and her cheeks burn. How handsome he was, and good too—she knew he was good.

Presently he waved his hand toward the side door, and beckoned to her. She would like to hear him speak—there could be no harm in that, and Marks would never know it; so she ran out at the side door, and timidly came forward to the tree where the stranger was standing.

"Thank you very much for coming out," he said, with that radiant smile of his. "I saw

you this morning, when you were searching in the snow—for my body, I suppose; but I didn't perish after all."

"Oh, dear, was it you?" she said, scarcely above a whisper, her brown eyes opening very wide.

"Yes, and I feel indebted to you for thinking of me. But we mustn't talk much now; you'll get cold. Here is something to remember me by, though you'll doubtless see me again."

"I hope so," she answered, with charming innocence.

The stranger smiled again, and then, lifting his hat, walked away.

Trembling with emotions new and strange to her, Abbie returned to the house to gaze upon and fuddle the present he had given her.

Oh, how beautiful it was! A little portrait painted on ivory, with a silver case that opened with a spring. But it wasn't a picture of him, and this fact caused her to wonder why he gave it to her.

So abstracted was she in contemplating it that she knew not that Marks had arisen and was coming towards her.

Stealthily he looked over her shoulder, and then an imprecation escaped his lips, his eyes gleamed like balls of fire, and clutching her arm he howled:

"Where—where did you get it? Shall I curse you? Shall I choke you? Ugh! you're all alike, you women! Deceit, treachery come into your black hearts with the first breath you draw! Give it to me, or I'll strangle you!"

"No, you won't!" she said, and the brown eyes blazed as they never had before.

With a wolfish cry he raised his hand to strike her when the door opened, and Doctor Kyle came into the room.

Quickly turning, Marks greeted him with a volley of oaths, but the physician made no answer, except to fix his magnetic eyes upon him and to take his wrist very quietly between his thumb and forefinger.

"I was sent for; I have come," said Dr. Kyle, at length, when Marks, much against his will, had become quiet. "I shall ask no fee from you. You are very ill; you must go to bed at once."

"I won't. I'm not ill," snapped Marks, but even as he spoke he staggered and would have fallen had not the physician caught him.

Placing him upon the floor, Abbie and Dr. Kyle took his bed out of his chamber, and set it up in the kitchen, though all the time Marks cursed the kindhearted man for meddling.

When it was ready for occupancy the doctor sent Abbie out of the room, and undressing Marks put him into bed. Then, from drugs he had brought, the doctor prepared a potion; but the patient was destined never to drink it. Dr. Kyle uttered an exclamation of astonishment as he gazed upon him, and called Abbie.

The maiden came in with anxiety depicted on every feature.

"Don't be frightened, little girl, if I tell you something."

"No, what is it?"

"He won't live till night," said the physician solemnly.

The maiden advanced to the couch and placed her hand upon the clammy brow of Old Marks. He looked up at her half-pleasantly, and then she began to weep softly, as she thought how he had denied himself for her sake.

Just then the side door opened, and the young stranger, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, entered the room. Approaching the couch, the latter took a warrant from his pocket, and said:

"Owen Morgan, alias Oliver Marks, I arrest you for the murder of Stephen Bartlett, of—"

"Stop, sir!" said the physician, with dignity.

"This man is my patient, and the law has nothing to do with him while he remains in this condition. When he recovers you may do your duty, and not until then."

Abbie looked from one to the other in painful amazement. The young stranger glanced kindly upon her, and then allowed his eyes to rest upon Marks with pity and yet with hate. The old man saw the look, and a smile of triumph flitted over his sallow face.

Raising his clenched fist, he shook it at the officer and said huskily:

"When I recover—yes, when I do, you may hang me! Too late, my dear ones—too late! Who shall outwit Oliver Marks? My good friend, death has got the start of you!"

He sank back upon the pillow, beckoned Dr. Kyle to approach, and then with difficulty whispered a few words in his ear concerning his secreted treasure. This done, he grinned effiantly once more and died without a struggle. For minutes no one spoke; then the young man took Abbie by the hand, and said, tenderly:

"I would not shock you, but what you must know you had better know now. This man was once your mother's devoted lover. Why she cast him off and married Stephen Bartlett I know not; but she did. Three years after your birth, on one cold, snowy night, your father was murdered, and you taken away, no one knew by whom. All search proved fruitless. The year following your mother adopted me. I was then twelve years of age. Ten years later your mother, my foster-mother, died, leaving a large property. Since then I have searched for you, and now I have found you. You shall be happy."

Abbie chose Dr. Kyle as trustee for the money Marks had left, and went to school for four years. Then, ripened in mental accomplishments and physical beauty, she gave her hand to Horace Bartlett, her adopted brother, and since then has drunk deep of the cup of happiness.

THE FALSE ONE.

Never shone the sun upon a fairer creature than was Edith Hasselden, and never until now, upon a happier one. Her life had been a summer's morning—all brightness and joy. Even love, that urchin of storm and calm, of smiles and tears, had been productive of nothing but happiness to her. The scene was changed now; she had to endure her first trial; her lover was to bid her adieu that evening for some months, as he was about to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend of his father's in Paris.

Edith was pacing the garden adjoining her residence, anxiously waiting his arrival. She felt unhappy beyond what the occasion warranted; she did not fear he would forget her; she was too true herself to suspect treachery in others; her love was so pure, so undivided, that it seemed impossible she could have bestowed it on one unworthy. No, it was not a doubt of his affection, or his constancy, that caused her present uneasiness, but an undefined presentiment of evil.

She did not know Horace Seaton; there were few who did. Even those far more conversant with the world than she could not deem that beneath that warm, glowing manner there was hidden a cold, calculating, selfish heart. It was true that he loved Edith Hasselden as much as such a heart ever loves; she was young and beautiful, and that gratified his pride; she loved him, and that pleased his vanity.

He had kept his appointment with her, and the moment of parting had arrived. They were sitting on a garden bench; both appeared sorrowful; his arm was round her, and he whispered words of love and hopes of future happiness.

"Edith, my own Edith," he said, "you have promised to remember me; and to greet my return with pleasure; one more request, and I have done. Accept this ring, and promise me, as you value my peace, that no other hand shall remove it. On my return, dearest, it shall be replaced by another at the altar. Will you not promise me?"

The blushing girl hesitated; again that chilling, vague uneasiness crept over her heart; but she banished it, and placed her hand in her lover's. The large dark eye of Edith would have been starting at that moment, with its intensity of lustre, but that it was softened into mild beauty by the tears which trembled in it. She looked at him with an expression in which love and entire confidence were blended.

"Horace," she said, "I will—I do—promise that this ring shall never be removed but at the altar. I will not ask you to remember me while away—it will be implying a doubt that you would not; but for me, I will think of you day and night; I will hold this spot sacred; will hold communion with none here but Him who now sees us, and who knows the truth or falsehood of our hearts. To Him will I pray for your happiness, whatever my fate may be."

They parted, and oh! how the fond girl cherished the memory of that parting scene, and the words he had uttered; for days afterwards she fancied that she could hear his voice floating around her—could still feel the pressure of his hand as he placed the ring upon her finger. She little thought they had parted for ever; that the voice and hand would henceforth be dead to her; that she had wasted her warm heart's best and freshest feelings on one who would outrage them; those feelings which the heart entertains but once, which we would give empires—worlds—to entertain again.

He had promised to write to her, and had broken his promise. Edith counted the hours each day until the post was delivered, with a wild and throbbing heart; but each day proved him more forgetful. At length, strange rumors reached her of an approaching marriage between Horace Seaton and a young lady in Paris of great fortune. They crushed and chilled her spirit, and the gay, the happy Edith was no more.

We will not, we cannot describe her feelings; when first she heard these tidings she treated them as base calumnies. She wrote to him—her letter was unanswered. She accidentally met an acquaintance who had just returned from France, and from him she learned that the report was too true. Her lover had been for some weeks married. She heard the intelligence with a calm and composed countenance, but with a withered, blighted, breaking heart.

Three years had elapsed, and Edith Hasselden stood gazing from her casement upon the lake below, while the soft moon shone in unclouded loveliness. The next day was her marriage day. A gentleman named Fortescue had seen and admired her; love is too strong a word. He admired her beauty, was not repulsed by her coldness, and, after a few months' acquaintance, obtained a cool, careless consent from her to become his wife. She was strangely altered; no longer the buoyant, enthusiastic girl, with looks and thoughts equally fresh and glowing, she had become the calm, unimpassioned, dignified woman. Tears had washed every trace of the rose from her cheek, and what with her paleness and the constant repression of every feeling on her countenance, she had acquired the appearance of one of Canova's statues: cold, yet wonderfully beautiful.

Edith stood some time at her casement in deep thought; at length she murmured, "It must be!" and turning from the window, seated herself at a desk, from whence she removed a small packet of letters. She trembled violently as she rose and walked toward a fire at the end of the

room. She held them over the flame for an instant, and in the next they were burning.

"So perish all remembrance of him!" she said.

Again she walked toward the window, and took from her bosom a miniature; she appeared collecting courage to destroy that also. A pang shot over heart and brow as she gazed upon the picture. She pressed it convulsively to her lips; and bitter tears, in spite of her desperate efforts to repress them, burst forth in torrents, as if from a source long pent up. She passed her hand over her brow, as if to ease its burning pain.

"I cannot, oh, I cannot destroy his picture," she said again, and she looked on it long and fixedly.

Dreams of other days flitted before her, and she sobbed as if her heart would burst.

But this emotion passed away; she was again still, calm, and beautiful as Parian marble. She unclasped the lock of the chain which supported the miniature of Horace Seaton—again she gazed upon it. The thought that at that time to-morrow it would be guilty for her so to gaze upon the picture came across her mind, and she resolved, though she could not destroy it, never again to behold it. She placed it in a paper which she carefully sealed, and locked it in her desk.

"Now, then, it is over, and I shall become another's without one thought of him lingering in my breast," she murmured; but the tone of misery and utter desolation was in contradiction to her words.

It was morning, and Edith was arrayed in her bridal dress. Not the quivering of a lip, not the trembling of an eyelid, betrayed what was passing in her heart. She walked steadily up the aisle of the church; she uttered the responses in a low, yet audible voice, but this calm was unnatural, and was soon to be destroyed.

The ceremony was nearly over, and Fortescue took her hand, upon which he was to place the wedding-ring. He started at its death-like coldness, and was surprised to see that a jewelled ring, which he had noticed her constantly wearing, was not removed from her finger. She had forgotten that; and now the recollection of the vow she had made never to let another remove it than the man who, however false he had proved, was still Horace Seaton, the playmate of her childhood, the idol of her first affection, flashed upon her. The long, long interval of weary days and sleepless nights, and wasted years, faded away and she remembered only their parting hour, and his words; "I will replace it with another at the altar." At this moment the bridegroom attempted to withdraw the ring; it was too much; the bow was overbent, and snapped; this last stroke overcame poor, fragile Edith Hasselden.

"Never, never!" she murmured, as she struggled to release her hand.

In the struggle the ring was removed, and fell upon the marble steps of the altar. She gazed upon it for a moment, in speechless misery, then a loud, wild scream escaped her, so loud, so wild, that the hearers felt the blood run cold in their veins. She fell. Fortescue thought she had fainted, and he raised her head from the floor, but it fell heavily on his arm. He shuddered; the color had forsaken her lips, those bright, beautiful eyes were closed for ever. Edith Hasselden was dead.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sour milk; one cup of raisins; one cup of sugar; one egg; one-half cup of butter; one teaspoonful of soda; two and one-half cups of flour; dark spices.

FINE PANCAKES.—Take a pint of new milk, eight eggs (leave out two of the whites), and a little sugar and grated nutmeg. Melt a small quantity of butter with the milk over the fire; then add three spoonfuls of flour, and mix well together. Butter the fryingpan for the first; let them run as thin as you can in the pan, fry them quick, and send them up hot.

A CHEAP PUDDING.—Peel and core four or five apples, according to their size, cut them in slices, and lay them in a pie dish; sprinkle them with sugar (pounded), then put a thin layer of apricot or other jam. Take 2oz. of arrowroot, mix it with a pint of milk, a little sugar, and a small piece of butter; stir it over the fire until it boils, then pour it into the pie dish with the apples and jam, and bake it until done.

FAMILY LIKENESS has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning and repulsion; and ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every movement. We hear a voice with the very cadence of our own uttering the thoughts we despise; we see eyes—ah! so like our mother's—averted from us in cold alienation; and our last darling child startles us with the air and gesture of the sister we parted from in bitterness long years ago. The father to whom we owe our best heritage—the mechanical instinct, the keen sensibility to harmony, the unconscious skill of the modelling hand—galls us and puts us to shame by his daily errors; the long-lost mother, whose face we begin to see in the glass as our own wrinkles come, once fretted our young souls with her anxious humors and irrational perals. ence.



"DRIFTING AWAY."—By H. H. CANTY.



"ONE AT A TIME."—By E. KNAUS.

"THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE FAVORITE.....	\$2.00 p an.
THE CANADIAN ILLUS- TRATED NEWS.....	4.00 "
THE CANADIAN PATENT OF- FICE RECORD AND ME- CHANICS' MAGAZINE....	1.50 "
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.....	3.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communica-
tions to be addressed to,
THE MANAGER,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.All correspondence for the Papers, and liter-
ary contributions to be addressed to,
THE EDITOR,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.When an answer is required, stamps for re-
turn postage should be inclosed.

THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to
take notice that in future Rejected Contri-
butions will not be returnedLetters requiring a private answer should
always contain a stamp for return postage.No notice will be taken of contributions
unaccompanied by the name and address of
the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for
their safe keeping.

AWKWARDNESS IN SOCIETY.

Nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation. We shall probably be reminded that the best and most unaffected people are constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. We answer, the reason is they do not act themselves, they are afraid they shall not act right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others fetters the freedom of nature. At home, where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they did not try to assume what they did not possess. Every body is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. We will make no exception—nature is always graceful. The most secluded and the most ignorant have some charm about them so long as they affect nothing; so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts without any anxiety about what others think of it.

Coarseness and vulgarity are the effect of education and habit: they cannot be charged upon nature. True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace, and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms. As far as consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. We have seen young persons who were respectable and polite at home, seized with the most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To avoid this, allow your children to accompany you as often as possible when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have great influence on early characters and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of that description. We have known the destiny of a whole family greatly changed for the better by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.

GETTING MARRIED.

Every young girl, now-a-days, expects to get a rich husband: and therefore rich men ought to be abundant. In the country, we admit that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to wed a sober, steady, good-looking, industrious young man, who will be compelled to earn by severe labor the subsistence of himself and family. There are not so many brought up with such ideas now, even in the country, as there used to be; but there are some, and they

consequently learn how to become worthy help-mates to such worthy partners. But in town it is different. From the highest to the lowest class in life, the prevailing idea with all is, that marriage is to lift them, at once, above all necessity for exertion; and even the servant-girl dresses and reasons as if she entertained a romantic confidence in her Cinderella-like destiny of marrying a prince, or, at least of being fallen in love with and married by some wealthy gentleman, if not by some nobleman in disguise.

This is why so many young men fear to marry. The young women they meet with are all so imbued with notions of marriage so utterly incompatible with the ordinary relations of life in their station; they are so wholly inexperienced in the economy of the household; they have been taught, or have taught themselves, such a "noble disdain" for all kinds of family industry; they have acquired such expectations of lady-like ease and elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure a life-long lease of domestic unhappiness, and purchase wretchedness, poverty, and despair.

All this is wrong, and should be amended. Such fallacies do not become a sensible age nor a sensible people. Our grandfathers and mothers had more wisdom than this. The present age is much too fast a one in this respect. Let us sober down a little. Let every young woman be taught ideas of life and expectations of marriage suitable to her condition, and she will not be so frequently disappointed. Should she be fortunate and wed above that condition, she may readily learn the new duties becoming to it, and will not have been injured by having possessed herself of those fitting a station below. Let her anticipate always a marriage with one in the humbler walks of life—and then, should she happen to do better, her good fortune will be only the more delightful.

A BABY.

Did you ever watch a dear little baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettiest sights in the world. There is the crib, with its small preparations and snow-white drapery that covers something, outlined round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is; not the slightest movement of the pillowed whiteness that is visible—no sound to indicate keenest actual life, until the hour-hand of the clock that stands sentinel like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then there is a slight pulsing in the white drapery, a small pink, tremulous hand, fair as a rose-bud, is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into appears a round diminutive face, with wide, open eyes that have not much speculation in them yet; soon, however, they cease to stare, and become questioning, serious, as if wondering what kind of a world it is they open upon; and the head lifts itself just a little, and two snow-white feet stand up spasmodically, with a simultaneous movement, each toe of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back on the pillow with its own sweet weight, the hair all damp and golden—the cheeks peachy—the mouth just pouted, as the angels kissed it in dreams. A first lingering go-o-o comes from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively: the baby is awake, and ceases to be angel.

PROVERBS.

Among the various classes of proverbs, perhaps the most numerous division is that which bears upon selfishness. This is not much to be wondered at, for selfishness is a tolerably constant quality of human nature. As selfishness generally appears to be disagreeable, it is not surprising either that the thoughts of all people take pretty nearly the same view of it. We are afraid that any amount of odium will not cure this defect, for few men will confess, even to themselves, that they are selfish; but to those who are blessed with self-consciousness, we recommend the following maxims. The English say, "Other men's sorrows will not break our hearts." The Russian phrase is, "The burden is light on the shoulders of another." The French say, wittily, "One has always strength enough to bear the misfortunes of his friends." The Italians, to whom water is valuable, tell us, "Every one draws the water to his own mill." The Oriental, cooking his food at the desert fire, declares, "Every one takes the embers to his own cake." The practical Roman soldier, when straps to buckle on his armor were scarce, asserted that "Men cut broad thongs from other men's leather." The Englishman blurts out, "Every one for myself, and God for us all." The phlegmatic Dutchman finds breath enough to snort, curtly, "Self's the man." And the Spaniard avoiding danger, advises to "Draw the snake from the hole by another man's hand." Selfishness may, perhaps, be described as that which some men like to practise, without having it practised upon them; and in that sense he who can sympathise with the above sentences from many languages is the type of a selfish man.

Another set of proverbs nearly as widely spread go to show us that everywhere and in all ages men have been in a hurry to get rich, and better still, point out a general knowledge that such attempts to gratify acquisitiveness by fair means or foul are very apt to break down. We express this when we say, referring to easily

gained wealth, "Light come, light go." The cautious Scotch have it that "The groat is ill saved which shames its master." The sentimental Spaniard dogmatically affirms, "He who will be rich in a year, at the half-year they hang him." The Italians say, "Ill come, ill spent." The Germans add, "The unrighteous penny corrupt the righteous pounds;" and the poor blacks of Hayti say in their bad French, "The knife which thou hast found in the highway, thou wilt lose in the highway." If avaricious people would only take counsel of proverbs, perhaps they might turn from the error of their ways, but we fear they are too much absorbed in small gains to be attracted by small wisdom.

As an antidote against the last section we would advise that the following world-wide thoughts be treasured up: first that true old sturdy maxim of our own—"God helps those who help themselves;" and the quaint rhymes—"No pains, no gains,"—"No sweat, no sweet." Then the grave Catalan remonstrance, "Where wilt thou go, ox, that thou wilt not have to plough?" Next the classical adage, "Who will not the mill, will not the meal;" afterwards the Turkish allegory, "It is not with saying, 'Honey, honey,' that sweetness will come into the mouth." Add the Arabic aphorism, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." Excellent advice that, my masters. Golden sentences, all worthy to be written upon the workshops of the world, and wherever else man has to learn the way through industry to comfort.

Following upon the sayings relating to effort, we find a few, although not so many as might be expected, relating to fortune. Of the danger of unearned elevation we have the Italian "Everything may be borne but good fortune." Most of them, however, are of a more healthy and satisfactory character, showing that however capricious the fickle goddess may be, she is looked to with hope, and sometimes for justice. The English think that "Every dog has his day," and that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." The grave Roman averred in more classical language that "The sun of all days has not yet gone down;" the Italian, that "The world is for him that has patience;" but the Persian saying is the most beautiful and the most faithful,—"A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way;"—that tells men to deserve the favors of fortune by being fit to receive them, and cherishes both effort and hope.

It would appear that in all places the race of ninnies had been a numerous one, and we find many proverbs relating to them—speaking of their plenty, their foolishness, and their troublesomeness. In our language we have, "A fool's bolt is soon shot;" "It is better to deal with a rogue than a fool;" and "Fools grow without watering." The Italians say, "For an honest man, half his wits are enough; the whole is too little for a knave;"—thus classing the rogues with the fools. The Russians tell us, "Fools are not planted or sowed; they grow of themselves." The Spaniards satirically add, "If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house;" and of learned fools, "A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool." The Chinese have found out, "One has never so much need of one's wit, as when he has to deal with a fool."

Proverbs, too, tell the foolish how they are to conceal their nature, and avoid danger. Silence, it seems, is the golden rule for this. All are familiar with our own saying, "A still tongue maketh a wise head." The following are not so well known. From the Persian—"Speech is silver; silence is golden." From the Italian—"He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps;" and "Silence was never written down." From the Spanish—"The evil which issues from thy mouth falls into thy bosom." Another of our own, and a true one, too, is, "He who says what he likes, shall hear what he does not like."

We have parallels in several languages exactly matching our proverb, "The receiver is as bad as the thief;" in the French, "He sins as much who holds the sack as he who puts into it;" in the German, "He who holds the ladder is as guilty as he who mounts the wall;" and in the Chinese "He who laughs at an impertinence makes himself the accomplice." Such are a few samples from the proverbs of all nations, showing the common tendency of men to catch at wide-spread fables and follies, as well as to perpetuate wise thoughts by putting them into the simplest and finest words.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"DRIFTING AWAY."

This pretty piece of sentimental painting is by Mr. H. H. Cauty, a young and promising English painter. The picture tells its pitiful tale plainly enough. The maiden with love-lorn look, sadly dropping her roses into the troubled, swiftly-gliding stream, as she stands beside the great tree-trunk which conceals her from the love-making couple in the distance, confesses but too plainly to disappointed hopes and rejected forsaken affection. The flowers are emblems of the love she must resign to a fate far beyond her control. The fast-flowing stream which divides her from the faithless one is typical at once of that fate of cruel separation, and of the resistless current of human hopes and fears, which, happily, however, sooner or later, reach the sea of oblivion. The costume may be that of to-day or a hundred years ago (so nearly are the two now assimilated), and the same old,

old story may be of any date. The artist quotes in the catalogue the following appropriate lines by Adelaide Procter, in connection with his picture:

Like hopes, perfumed and bright,
So lately shining, wet with dew and tears,
Trembling in morning light,
I saw them change to dark and anxious fears
Before the night.

"ONE AT A TIME."

The proverbial admonition, "One at a Time!" has received an exemplary illustration from the pencil of a German artist, whose work is copied in our illustration. In the feeding of geese or turkeys, or barndoor fowl, or any other poultry, as well as in the feeding of pigs, one has frequent occasion to bid them mind their manners. Turkeys are the greediest of domestic birds, and have a prodigious capacity for gobbling as much as they can get. They and the geese should be sent out daily to pick up a large part of their needful nutriment in some field or common ground; but a good breakfast and supper are also due to them from the hands of such a careful mistress as we see in the picture. When fowls are kept in confinement, a mid-day meal should likewise be administered; and it is desirable on all these occasions, as well for the birds' own health and comfort as for the sake of the principle involved, that they should not be allowed to eat too rapaciously, but with a moderate restraint of appetite; so that none be stuffed, and none be starved, but each consume a due portion, decently and in due order.

NEWS NOTES.

Bismarck has been ill, but is better.

Report says the Carlists have raised the siege of Bilbao.

It is said Mr. Dawes will succeed the late Senator Sumner.

There is a split between members of the Bonaparte family.

A battle between Marchal Serrano and the Carlists seems imminent.

A contemplated uprising of four thousand slaves is reported from Havana.

The Highlanders returning from the Ashantee war have arrived at St. Vincent.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited ex-Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst.

The British journals generally consider the Chiselhurst demonstration a success.

President Watson telegraphs from London that the Erie loan has been wholly successful.

The loss by the wreck of the steamer Queen Elizabeth, off Tarifa, is estimated at \$535,000.

The Fenian Amnesty Association will present petitions for pardon to the Queen in person.

King Koffee's Prime Minister and Captain-General have been brought prisoners to Cape Coast Castle.

James Gordon Bennet has offered a prize of \$1,000 to be shot for at Coldmoor during the present season.

The Roman Catholic Bishops in the Reichsrath threaten to withdraw if the passage of the Ecclesiastical Bill is pressed.

The snow blockade in the Sierra Nevada Mountains is again raised and trains are moving on the Central Pacific Railway.

The Bishop of Pernambuco has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for continued resistance to the laws of the State.

The Mexican Commission decided thirty-nine claims last week. The claims for indemnity for Indian incursions are still under consideration.

The Prussian Cross Gazette intimates that the Reichstag will be dissolved if it persists in its refusal to fix the strength of the army at 400,000 men.

Senator Sumner whose death occurred at Washington, on the 12th inst., received the highest funeral honors at the Capital and in Boston.

Miss Sophia Snows will give all her paintings to the Boston Athenaeum, and divides \$85,000 among various charitable societies in and about Boston.

One hundred and seventeen out of a number of pilgrims returning from Mecca, were washed off the steamer Laconia during a gale, and drowned.

A letter from Santiago de Cuba says the correspondence captured with President Cespedes will implicate a great number of prominent families in that place. Fully 10,000 people viewed the remains of Cespedes.

The distress from famine in Bengal is increasing. Many thousand natives are dependent upon Government for food. In the Tirhoot districts, a hundred thousand persons in an emaciated condition, have made application for relief within ten days.

The steamship State of Alabama, from Glasgow to New York, was ice-bound four days, and had several of her bow plates crushed. She put into Halifax with seven feet of water in her fore and main holds, and had propeller and rudder damaged.

Bald Mountain in the western part of North Carolina, is in a state of volcanic eruption. It is stated that farm houses and cottages along the sides and base have been prostrated by convulsions, and many of the inhabitants have fled. A thin vapor issues from the top of the mountain; a low rumbling sound is audible over the entire surface, and snow melts as fast as it falls.

PERPLEXING.

I declare my head seems bursting, and my brain in quite a whirl, These men are so provoking—'tis a plague to be a girl! I don't object to belle-hood, to beauty, or to beaux; But, then, 'tis so perplexing when the horrid things propose. Papa is looking curious, and mamma is looking wise, There's a world of awful warning in Aunt Tabby's blinking eyes. I've a score or more of lovers, every age, and style, and kind; I am twenty and unsettled, for I can't make up my mind.

There's that charming Captain Hawkins, with his untamed, eagle glance— Such a hero in the saddle, such a partner in the dance! Such shoulders, and such whiskers! I adored him for a week, And then it somehow struck me he had rather too much cheek. Then the famous Lawyer Morton, who's so witty and so keen, Who says so many clever things I don't know half they mean, Who studies me as though I were some problem left unread; But I couldn't have the lawyer, he has quite, quite too much head.

Then my dreamy poet-lover, with his starry, shining eye, And his fortune floating somewhere in a misty future sky, They say a poet's worship is each woman's secret goal; But I'm of "earth, still earthy"—he has rather too much soul. And there's—well, yet another, who is noble, brave, and true, Who woos with simple earnestness as simple men will woo, Whose love is deep and tender—of his very life a part; But I—'twere shame to listen: he has really too much heart.

For I must have lace and diamonds, and I must have style and dash, And what are hearts, or minds, or souls, if folks are minus cash? I vow I'll take old Golding, though they say he's eighty-two; But he's worth at least a million and what better could I do? His mind is getting shaky, so he won't be over-wise, And 'tis time his soul was tending to a home beyond the skies; He has neither heart nor liver, and his lungs are far from strong— Poor man! he quite adores me, and he can't adore me long.

BACHELOR BROWN.

BY F. P. A.

I can remember Bachelor Brown from the very earliest days of my childhood—in some way or other he was connected with all the memorable events of that most eventful period. My first doll was a present from him—it was a magnificent lady in pink satin and book muslin, with wonderful flaxen ringlets and dainty shoes of bright blue morocco—a doll whose career was prematurely cut short by the mischievous gambols of a frolicsome puppy, and whose unhappy end embittered my existence till some new toy or some promised pleasure effaced the short-lived sorrow.

But it was not alone for me that Bachelor Brown's powers of pleasing were put forth; neither was I the only one who looked forward to his visits with pleasurable anticipation. My father depended upon him for the latest news and the state of the money market—my mother for the lighter gossip of the day, and the chit-chat of our quiet neighborhood. Even the house-dog welcomed his familiar step with a joyous bark, certain of an answering word and a caressing hand in return. And so it was that every member of our household looked upon our kind friend as almost a part of it.

A fine tall handsome man was Bachelor Brown, although no longer young; and, as I grew up to womanhood, I used to speculate on the probability of his bringing home a bride to the Grange, and wonder how it was that he had lived so long without one. But, long before that time came, my mother, never very strong, was taken from us; and then our kind friend's patience and sympathy were taxed to the uttermost to bear with the overwhelming grief of my poor father, which went far to change what had once been a hopeful, cheery disposition into one of querulous repining and unavailing regret. Gradually, however, the violence of his grief abated, though he was never quite himself again; and just as I had reached my twenty-fourth birthday his death left me almost alone in the world.

It came upon me very suddenly, for my father was not a very old man, and had had no illness to speak of; but an unexpected misfortune had befallen us in the failure of a bank in which a portion of our money was invested. How much there was I did not know, nor whether it would necessitate any great alteration in our style of living; but my father never seemed to look up

after he had heard the ill news, and died in less than a month afterwards. He left a will appointing Bachelor Brown trustee and sole executor.

I suppose this was to save me trouble and all tiresome business details—things he knew I hated; but some shook their heads and hoped Mr. Brown would be faithful to his trust—as if my poor father did not know what he was about—as if he did not know that he had left me in the care of one who would rather have had his right hand cut off than that it should have inflicted an injury on any living being, still less on the orphan daughter of an old friend!

At first things seemed to worry and perplex Mr. Brown, and he was very importunate as to my hunting up all my father's papers, continually urging me to look again and to be very careful lest anything might escape notice. So I searched all the old-fashioned repositories in which my dear father had been wont to keep parchments and letters and papers dim and discolored with age, till at last every nook and corner had been turned out.

"You are quite sure nothing has been overlooked, Mabel?" said my kind friend, with a troubled, anxious face, as he carefully examined the last packet.

Yes, I was—quite sure; but why was he so particular? Was there anything wrong? My heart beat with a vague fear.

"I hope not—I sincerely hope not," was the answer; and then he went away, leaving me to forebode all sorts of miseries.

But, after long consultations with the family lawyer, and many meetings of bank creditors, he wrote me a short kind note, telling me that everything had been finally wound up, and that there was still enough left for me to live upon.

I started in surprise, for we had always been in easy independent circumstances, and I never dreamt that this bank business would involve the loss of more than a few hundreds at most—and what difference could that make? It is quite certain that I was rather ignorant of money matters.

"Of course I shall not have to leave here?" I said, one day, more in the tone of an insertion than a question.

Mr. Brown looked at me and hesitated. "It is rather a large place to keep up," he remarked, "and it will be very dull for you to live here all alone; indeed, it would not be right, and, beside—"

"Oh, I don't mind that," I broke in, impetuously; "you know I can always have some one to stay with me—and I am so fond of the dear old place that I would rather do anything than live on so very little, too."

He smiled rather sadly, I thought, but he made no answer, so I went on in the eager, impulsive way common to me in those days.

"I could live on a hundred a year quite easily, I'm certain; for I should want only one servant, and a charwoman occasionally, and a man once a week or so to do the garden, which would be quite sufficient, and cost next to nothing."

"I don't know," said he—"perhaps it might be managed. I will think about it."

And he did think about it, and the result was that I decided to try a solitary life at the dear old place in which I was born, on the not very large sum of little more than a hundred a year.

It happened to be in the bright, summer days, and for the first three months I was almost entirely from home, staying first with one friend and then with another, which I fancied would prove a great saving of expense; but somehow I found that the money melted away quite as fast, if not faster than, it did at home, and at the end of that time I had the mortification of being obliged to ask Mr. Brown to advance me a few pounds of my next quarter's income. He complied at once, but the application was so galling to my pride that I made a firm resolution to be more careful for the future.

After all, it was very pleasant to be at home again, and everything around me looked very cosy and comfortable. It was a large, rambling, old-fashioned house, which dated back as far as the days of Queen Anne, with a spacious court, and a garden full of fragrant flowers and choice fruit trees; yet it certainly afforded subject for ridicule, that great rambling mansion, with only poor me and old Nancy, who had lived with us nearly all her lifetime, to occupy it. For I soon discovered that my pet scheme of always having some one to stay with me would be, with my limited income, quite impossible; and gradually it began to be understood that "Miss Melbourne was actually living alone in that great house;" and one kind friend remarked upon the absurdity of the thing, another censured its indiscreetness, and a third was doubtful as to its continuance.

But to none of these did I vouchsafe any notice. "Guardy," as I had taken to call my old friend, sanctioned the arrangement—tacitly, at least; I myself was happy enough in my quiet life; and what right had any one else to interfere? So I settled down comfortably for the winter, determined to enjoy myself in my own way.

There was not much gaiety in Dullborough; a few tea-parties in the winter, a dinner-party now and then, and occasionally a concert or a lecture, sometimes even a theatrical performance, made up the sum-total of our dissipation. But I was fond of reading, and Dullborough could boast of a very good public library. I had an excellent piano; and with these and my fancy work the winter soon passed peacefully away.

More than six months had now elapsed since my father's death; and, to own the truth, my

experiment—as far, at least, as money matters were concerned—was not quite a success. The March quarter was fast drawing to a close, and I was decidedly short of funds. I had received an invitation to spend a few weeks with some friends in the country, but I could scarcely go with an empty purse. True, I had no rent to pay; and, being in mourning, I had had no occasion to replenish my wardrobe—so how could the money go?

I was brooding over my difficulties rather ruefully one fine spring morning, and my reflections were not improved by the thought that the primroses would be out in the woods and the violets blooming on the banks, when Guardy opened the door and walked in.

"Why, Mabel," he exclaimed, almost before he had said "good morning," "what a dismal face! Is Carlo ill, or the cat killed? What can be the matter?"

"Oh, nothing particular," I replied; "only I've been invited to spend a few weeks with the Murrys, at Rose Mount." And then I stopped.

"Well, and you are going, I suppose?" said he. "But surely you are not looking so dismal because of that."

"Oh, no—I should like to go, of course; but I am afraid that I must put it off till April."

"But why, if you wish to go now? The country is very pleasant at this time of year, particularly as the weather is so spring-like."

"Yes, and I quite long to go primrosing to Burnet Wood. But don't talk about it, Guardy, for, to own the truth, I really can't afford it."

I made this mortifying admission in a vexed, pettish tone, I am afraid; but somehow I felt aggravated, and it slipped out unaware. I don't know if I have said that Bachelor Brown was a handsome man, but he was, and something in the expression of his fine dark eyes made me feel excessively vexed and uncomfortable.

"Ah Mabel," he exclaimed, in a low voice, "I am afraid it will never do."

"Now don't say that again, please, Guardy," I rejoined, with a return to my wonted vivacity; "because you know that it will do, and it must do—there now!" and I looked saucily up into his face. But somehow the expression of it puzzled me.

"Do you know," he asked, after a thoughtful pause, "what I am come for this morning?"

"No, indeed I don't; unless you've got tickets for the concert; or perhaps there's going to be a ball at the assembly rooms—oh, you never mean that, surely!"

"No—nothing of the kind. Is that all you can think about?" and he smiled a little as he looked at my eager face. Then, after a pause, "Well, why don't you guess again?"

"Oh, it's of no use. I haven't the least idea," I exclaimed impatiently; "I'm the worst guesser in the world. Do tell me, Guardy."

"Well, then, young Mr. Cauntton called on me this morning, in my character as your guardian, to ask my consent to his addressing you as a lover."

"Oh, Guardy, now you must be joking!" I replied, laughing and blushing. "Fred Cauntton! Why, he is quite a boy!"

"Indeed, he is not," was the reply; "he has turned twenty-and-two."

"Well, and I shall be twenty-five next birthday. No, thank you, Guardy; I never mean to marry a man younger than myself."

"Nor much older, I suppose," he supplemented, quickly.

"Oh, I don't know about that. But I don't suppose there is the slightest chance of my marrying at all. At any rate, it won't be Fred Cauntton; and so you may tell him if you like, Guardy."

"No, no, Mabel, I shall leave that for you to do; only I thought it would be but fair to let you know what was coming. And now about your visit. How much money shall you want? Because I think perhaps that it could be managed. Quarter-day will be here very shortly; but you must be careful, my dear child—a hundred a year is a narrow limit."

Ah, it was indeed; and I made firm resolutions to retrench when I came back. But I did want to go then; for, to tell the truth, there had been a little flirtation in my poor father's time between me and a certain George Carysfort, a near neighbor of the cousin I was going to visit and distantly related to Bachelor Brown himself.

"How long shall you be away?" he asked, when we had talked it all over, and decided that I really was to go.

"Oh, only for a few weeks—three or four at the most; and then I mean to come back and settle down quietly for six months at least. Only perhaps I may bring Emma Weston back with me. She was rather a favorite of yours once on a time, wasn't she, Guardy? I know I used to think so." And then I stopped, for I met a pair of dark eyes looking at me with a grave, almost sad expression.

"No, you didn't think anything of the kind, Mabel," he said, very quietly; "besides, you forget what you said just now about disparity of age. Why, Emma Weston cannot be so old as you are—she is not more than twenty-three, I should suppose."

"Twenty-four," I put in.

"Well, and I am exactly forty-five," said Bachelor Brown.

"Oh, but that's nothing, Guardy, because the disparity is on the right side."

"Yes, but such a disparity! You would not marry a man twenty years older than yourself, Mabel?" and he leaned forward as he spoke and looked earnestly in my face.

"I don't know—perhaps I might; though I'm not a bit likely to do so at present," said I, ra-

ther flippantly, I'm afraid, for he sighed and said no more.

The next morning I departed on my visit, which proved a very pleasant one; and it was nearly the end of May when I returned home, more than half in love with George Carysfort, who had just passed his final examination for the law, and was taking, as he said, "a good dose of pleasant illness" before settling down to the "collar" for the whole remaining term of his natural life. "You see," he remarked, "I am not troubled with a superabundance of the good things of this world, and when my money is all gone I shall buckle to in earnest."

"I quite expect to have you for a neighbor before long, Mabel," whispered my cousin, as we waited for the train. "Mr. Carysfort is evidently smitten." I thought so too, and arrived at home in a very enviable state of dreamy felicity.

The first thing I heard was that Bachelor Brown had been rather poorly.

"He looks just like a ghost, Miss Mabel," said old Nancy, "and goes moping about from morning till night, Parkin says. For my part, I believe that he has lost some money, or something."

"What in the world makes you think that, Nancy?" I asked, rather startled, for I was really fond of poor Guardy.

"Well, Miss Mabel, two or three things. In the first place, he hardly ever has any dinner-parties now, Parkin says—and you know how he used to enjoy seeing his friends round him; and since you've been away, miss, he's sold the ponies."

"Sold the ponies!" I almost screamed. "Sold my favorite Gipsy and Fairy too! Why, they were the loveliest pair of ponies in the county, and cost a little fortune, poor papa used to say. Oh, it can't be true; you must have made some mistake, Nancy."

"Oh, no, I haven't, miss, and I thought you'd be very vexed; but they're gone sure enough, and, what's more, Mr. Vaughan has bought them, for I saw that fine stuck-up madam his wife driving by with them this very morning."

I think I have not mentioned Bachelor Brown's standing in Dullborough. It was that of an independent gentleman, of good, though not large, landed estate; and he lived in a handsome house just a little way out of the town, with large gardens and conservatories, which were reckoned among the finest in the neighborhood. Of course all this could not be kept up without ample means, and he had hitherto been noted for a particularly liberal scale of expenditure. His little pony carriage, too, in which I had often ridden, both before and since my dear father's death, was a perfect gem in its way; so that it is no wonder I was surprised and vexed to hear of all these changes—I almost forgot George Carysfort even, so absorbed was I in thinking about them. "What can it possibly mean?" I asked myself. It was not long before I had an opportunity of finding out.

My guardian came to see me the very next morning, almost as soon as breakfast was over. He did not look exactly ill, as Nancy had said, but there was a sort of listlessness and languor about him; he looked paler, too, and altogether seemed decidedly "out of sorts." Somehow I did not like to plunge at once into the subject, so I began in a sort of roundabout way—why, however, I could not have told.

"Well, Guardy," I began, "what has been going on here since I have been away?"

"Nay, I think the question ought to be reversed, Mabel; you know there is never much going on here."

"I suppose you have plenty of flowers out, and the conservatories in full bloom; and how are my pets, Fairy and Gipsy?"

He paused for a moment, and then said, with rather a constrained laugh:

"I wonder Nancy did not tell you that piece of news, at all events, Mabel. Mr. Vaughan, of Hartsfield, took a fancy to the ponies, and, as I always like to oblige a neighbor, why, I let him have them. But don't be vexed," he added, hastily; "you know I can easily get another pair if I ever want to replace them; but perhaps I never may."

"Oh, I am so sorry," was all I could say, for somehow his manner was not encouraging.

"And so you are settled down again for a time?" he said, after a rather long, uncomfortable pause.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," I replied, rather curtly. "I expect Emma here in a short time to spend the summer with me; you know she is among rather an inferior set at home, and I should like, if I could, to help her in the world a little. Of course people would invite her out, being with me"—and I dare say I spoke in a very patronising way; though there really was a good deal of difference in our positions, Emma Weston being only the daughter of a retired tradesman, whilst my father had been an officer and a gentleman. But Guardy took no notice; he only answered, rather absently:

"Yes; and about fund, Mabel? You know all this entails additional expense, and you are not the most economical little body in the world."

"I'm sure I don't know how it is, Guardy," said I, rather dolefully. "I don't think I'm very extravagant; but really a hundred a year is not much, particularly when one has to keep up a place like this." And then I could have bitten my tongue, for had not Guardy warned me against this very thing?

"And you would not like to leave it?" he said, with some hesitation. "But, Mabel," he went on, as I shook my head, "you are living at the rate of a good deal more than a hundred a year."

"Yes, of course I am; but I thought my income was—well, it does not matter; I shall have to be more careful, that's all. You know you never did tell me exactly what it was, Guardy—you only said about that; and how was I to know?"

"Yes, to be sure," he said, hesitatingly; "how were you, indeed? But then, you see, Mabel, it depends on investments so much—and you dislike all business matters. But never mind now. When did you say Miss Weston was coming?"

"Don't say 'Miss Weston, Guardy—it sounds so formal. She remembers you quite well, and talks about riding on a pony when she was a child, while you held the bridle."

"All the same, she is a full-grown young lady now, Mabel, and I could not think of taking such a liberty. But we shall get on very well, I dare say, without being on such familiar terms; and we will get up a picnic or two while she is here. Will that do?" And he smiled one of those rare, peculiar smiles that seemed to light up his whole face like a sunbeam. Yes, decidedly my Guardy was a handsome man.

I soon began to busy myself in preparing for my visitor, and planned divers gaieties, on a small scale to make her stay in Dillborough as pleasant as possible. Amongst others, I persuaded Guardy to give a strawberry feast, his garden being famous for great beds of that delicious fruit, and there being always plenty of cream at hand.

Emma Weston had been with me for nearly a month when this took place, and had seen Bachelor Brown almost daily. On one occasion the conversation turned on those bygone years when she used to be staying at our house in my dear father's time, and she laughingly asked Guardy if he should have remembered her again, adding:

"I remember you quite well, and how you used to tell me fairy tales, and set me to ride on a great dog you had—Oscar, his name was."

He smiled, saying:

"What a memory you must have, Miss Weston! I doubt whether mine is quite so good, though I have some recollection of a very young lady in a white frock and blue ribbons, who used to take a mischievous delight in picking my pocket of summer apples."

Emma laughed and blushed, most becomingly I thought, and I was afraid that Guardy thought so too; and then it flashed across my mind that it was by no means unlikely—but no, I would not think of such a thing. The idea of Emma Weston at the Orange, as its mistress, as my dear Guardy's wife, was utterly distasteful to me—though, after all, why should it be? When I was gone away—if ever I did go—what difference could it make to me whom he married? But, reason as I might, I could not reconcile myself to the idea at all.

"What a lovely place it is!" said Emma one day while we were wandering about the beautiful gardens at the Grange, culling a bouquet of choice flowers for my drawing-room. "I wonder why Mr. Brown has never married."

"I don't think he is a marrying man," said I, rather shortly; "and I am sure Parkin would never bear a mistress over her after all these years."

"I expect he would not consult Parkin," returned Emma, laughing; "bachelors at his age are very apt to marry, and not always wisely. But why in the world is he called 'Bachelor Brown'?"

"Because he is Bachelor Brown, I suppose," replied I; "besides, it is his name for one thing—John Bachelor Brown." And then I gathered up my roses and marched off in dignified silence, leaving Emma to follow at her leisure. Somehow I felt excessively cross and irritable.

"A gentleman's been to call on you, Miss Mabel," said old Nancy, as soon as I entered the house; "and he's left a card in the drawing-room, where he waited half-an-hour or more, and then got tired, I suppose, for he went away at last and left word that he'd call again some time this evening."

I hurried into the drawing-room and snatched up the card, which, as I expected bore the name of George Carysfort. Emma rallied me unmercifully, declaring that she was sure I must have invited her over on purpose to be bridesmaid; but I felt in no mood for trifling, and even the prospect of seeing George again hardly sufficed to restore me to my wonted equanimity.

Of course I liked him very much, only—well, the truth is I hardly knew whether I was glad or sorry; for marriage is a very serious thing, and I felt more than half inclined to draw back when he came early the next morning and asked me outright if I would be his wife. But I would not answer then; I must consider about it, I said; there was no hurry, and in the meantime he would stay, he told me, by invitation, with my Guardy, who, as I think I said before, was distantly related to him.

"Does he know?" I asked, after two or three efforts to bring the words out, and wishing—I hardly knew why—that he did not.

"Know what?" said George, laughing. "There's nothing to know, unfortunately: I wish there was. Of course I could not tell him that we were going to be married; and I was afraid to speak of my hopes even, lest they should never be realised. But I think he guesses. Oh, Mabel, if you could only make up your mind!" Ah, if I only could, indeed!

It was very pleasant, on those warm summer evenings, to take long rambles through the picturesque lanes and fields for which the country round Dillborough is famous—Emma and George and I. Sometimes, too, Guardy would

join us, and we often stayed out in the soft, dewy air till the moon rose high in the heavens, and her light touched every object around with a flood of silvery brightness.

And so the weeks glided rapidly away, and at the end of the third I had promised to be George Carysfort's wife; yet, almost before the words had passed my lips, I would have given the world to unsay them, and I ran upstairs the moment he was gone, and, locking myself in my own room, wept as I have never wept before or since. It was very silly, I knew, and I kept telling myself so, but it was all of no use, and I cried till I could cry no longer, and it took me full half-an-hour and required a whole bottle of rose-water to make my eyes look presentable.

George was very pressing that our marriage should take place as soon as possible, but that I would not hear of, for I was in no hurry to leave my dear old home; so he left Dillborough without extorting from me more than a vague promise to think it over.

I wondered much if Guardy knew. He never said a word for a long time, so I began to think George had said nothing about it, and somehow it seemed a relief to think so; but one day Guardy happened to call earlier than usual, and found me sitting by myself, Emma having gone into the town to match some wools for a chair she was working for my new drawing-room, as she said.

I was writing, answering one of George's almost daily letters; and this was one of my grievances, for I hated letter-writing—as I do now, for the matter of that—so I never could fill satisfactorily a number of sheets of note-paper. So I put the letter away gladly enough when Guardy came in. I saw his quick glance at the writing-case, at then at me. I dare say I looked guilty, and I know I felt excessively uncomfortable, when he said, very quietly, with his eyes fixed on my face:

"You never told me, Mabel."

"I thought—I didn't know—" I faltered, and then I stopped, feeling more than half inclined to cry.

"You didn't know what, Mabel?" he said, very gently. "You surely need not have feared to tell me. You cannot have a truer friend;" and then I thought he sighed.

"I know that, Guardy," I responded, fairly breaking down. "But I thought I expected M. Carysfort would tell you." Somehow I could not say "George."

"Yes, he did tell me, Mabel; but I would rather have heard it from you." And then he stopped, but I could not speak.

"Then it is really settled," he asked presently, in a grave anxious tone: "you have quite made up your mind?"

I knew then that I must speak out, but never in my life did I feel it so hard to say "Yes."

"Then I pray that it may be for your happiness, my child," he exclaimed in a low earnest tone; and then he began to talk about something else, and I tried to talk freely with him as usual; but it was hard work, and I think we both felt relieved when Emma entered the room, flushed and exhilarated by her early walk.

After this things went on quietly enough all through the summer, and in August George came over, determined, as he said, to have the day fixed there and then. There was nothing unreasonable in this, particularly as he had taken a house and partly furnished it; so I could no longer refuse to come to some determination, and the beginning of September was finally agreed upon.

"Of course, Mabel, there will be settlements, and all that sort of thing," said he—"I suppose I must see Mr. Brown about that."

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, rather impatiently; "pray don't plague me with it—you know I hate business." And I felt quite glad when the door closed behind him, and I could sit down quietly to my fancy work. Emma Weston had gone home a fortnight before, but was to return in time for the wedding.

I saw no more of George that day; but early the next morning, before I was up, I received a note from him, explaining that he had been unexpectedly called away, but that I should hear from him in a day or two. Of course I thought it odd; and the note was so short, so abrupt, so unlike his usual style, that I found myself continually wondering what it could all mean.

I was not long left in doubt. The next day's post brought me a letter, the exact drift of which it took me some time to find out, it was so cleverly wrapped up in protestations and regrets and lamentations; but the end was clear enough. His interview with my guardian having convinced him of the impossibility of our marriage for perhaps years to come, he must—though he was sure I should do him the justice to believe that he did so most reluctantly—relinquish the hopes he had so long cherished; so he put it, with a great deal more in the same high-flown style.

I cannot say that I was not mortified, but I am sure that my vanity suffered far more than my heart; and before I had recovered from my surprise and annoyance Guardy came in, looking excessively disturbed and uncomfortable. He glanced at me and then at the letter in my hand.

"I see you have heard," he said, in his kind, quiet voice; "but don't let it trouble you, dear Mabel. I never thought him worthy of you; and now he has proved such to be the case."

"But I don't understand it," I exclaimed; "it cannot be money matters, because we used to talk about all that, and he knew exactly what my income was—at least, as far as I knew it myself, for I was particularly anxious that there

should be no deception on my part. I cannot understand it at all," I repeated.

"Mabel," he answered—and I almost fancied that I could detect a slight trembling in his voice—"I have a very painful task before me—more painful than I can tell you." And then he stopped, and I waited in wondering silence. "I never meant you to know," he continued—"never; and you never would have known but for this. When your father died, Mabel, he left literally nothing behind him."

"Nothing!" I faltered. "But how then have I lived? Where has all the money come from that I have spent so heedlessly? You cannot surely mean that I have absolutely nothing—that I am a beggar?" and, utterly unable to control myself, I burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

I could see amidst all my distress that my guardian was deeply moved. He got up and paced the room till my agitation had somewhat subsided; then he drew a chair nearer to mine, and besought me to calm myself.

"You will never be a beggar, Mabel, while I live; and after my death you will be amply provided for."

"Then it was you! Oh, I see it all now! You have been denying yourself to supply my needs—you have put down the carriage and sold the ponies!" and I covered my face with my hands and wept afresh. For a few minutes Guardy kept silence, and then he said, in quiet, earnest tones:

"It is quite true, Mabel, that your income has come from me. I advanced it, as I thought, for the best, and to save you pain; but I now see that I was wrong. However, it must make no difference—you must promise me that, Mabel."

"Do you mean that I must continue to live a life of idleness at your expense, Guardy?" I exclaimed, wiping away my tears and flushing hotly with pride and shame combined. "No—a thousand times, no! I am young and strong, and quite able to work for my own living; better people than I have to do it."

"Well, well, Mabel, don't be hasty. There is plenty of time to think about it, and you have this other affair to get over first. I do not think you have suffered any great loss, though, and I hope in time you will think the same."

"I do think so, Guardy," I exclaimed, vehemently, "I should be ashamed if I thought otherwise. More than that, I feel thankful that I have had such an escape."

"That's right, Mabel," he replied, "I applaud your spirit; only beware of false pride."

I knew what he meant in a moment, but I could not bear the thought of continuing a burden upon him any longer, and I would only promise to wait three months, that I might have time, as he said, to look about me.

There were not so many occupations open to women in those days as there are now, and my choice appeared to lie between teaching and "company keeping." I was scarcely accomplished enough for the one, and far too independent for the other; at the same time I was not quite ignorant. I knew something of French, a little of music, and I could draw tolerably well, so I decided to try for a situation as governess to young children—a doleful prospect enough for one brought up as I had been, but the post of companion was still less to my taste. I set myself therefore diligently to study every newspaper that came in my way, in the hope of finding something that I might undertake with a prospect of success.

Thus half of the three months flew swiftly away, when one morning I received a letter from Emma Weston, asking me to take her in for a few days on her way to some friends in the North. Of course I was glad enough to receive her, though the additional expense, small as it was, troubled me a good deal, for I was learning to be very careful.

"Why, Mabel," she exclaimed, after we had exchanged a cordial greeting, "how well you are looking—not a bit disconsolate or forlorn, I declare! I only wish George Carysfort could see how little you feel his desertion. But I was disappointed in him, I confess. What mercenary wretches men are!"

"Not all men, Emma, though he certainly was."

"Well, it's very bad for you altogether, and you must tell me about it when I've taken off my things."

So, as soon as she had changed her travelling dress, and taken her favorite low seat by the cheerful fire, I made the tea and prepared for a good long chat. After all, it was very pleasant to have a sympathising friend to whom I could confide all my hopes and tears, and by whom I might be advised or comforted, as the case might be.

"I don't believe a bit in the governess scheme," she exclaimed; "there's a very different fate in store for you, or I'm much mistaken; and I want you to come back with me for a good long visit before you think any more about it."

I shook my head resolutely, determined not to be tempted.

"I cannot, indeed, Emma. It would be only putting off the evil day though I dare say I shall like it well enough if I get into some nice family."

"Ah, it's all very well in theory, but not in practice, I expect. However, I don't want to discourage you. Now let us talk of something else. How's Mr. Brown, and what does he say to this fine scheme of yours? By-the-by, I do wonder how it is he has never married. He's not so very old, is he?"

"Old!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Certainly not—at least unless you call forty-five old."

"Well, it's creeping on that way, you know,"

and at that age men are apt to do such silly things."

"Ah, but Guardy is not the sort of man to do anything of the kind; and he seems very happy as he is."

"Perhaps so; but he would be still happier if he had a nice wife, just a few years younger than himself."

"Why, Emma, I didn't know that you took such an interest in him."

"Oh, it isn't in him exactly; but I must say that I think it downright selfish for a man in his position to remain a bachelor. He ought to make a home for some nice, lovable woman, who would otherwise be left to a solitary old age, without the comforts and luxuries that old age requires."

"Hain't you better look out for a wife for him?" said I, laughing.

"Oh, I could do that easily enough. I only wish he would commission me to find one;" and she compressed her lips and nodded her head sagaciously as she finished.

All this did me good, and roused me from musings that were not agreeable to me. After she was gone, however, the old restlessness came back again, and I passed nearly all my time in fruitless efforts to obtain a suitable engagement.

One day I felt more than usually depressed and anxious. It had been raining heavily all the morning—and I am not one of those happy mortals who remain uninfluenced by atmospheric changes; but towards mid-day the clouds cleared away and the rain subsided; so I thought I might venture to take a walk, and try to shake off my gloomy thoughts.

I rambled on farther than I had intended, when suddenly clouds again gathered overhead and a perfect tempest of wind and rain set in. The umbrella I carried was of little use, and before I reached home I was nearly wet through. Tea was ready, and a friend, caught in the storm like myself, came in for shelter; so I pressed her to stay, quite forgetting—or rather neglecting—to take any precautions against cold, the result being a violent attack of bronchitis, which confined me to the house for weeks, so that when the three months had terminated I was still in my old quarters. Of course I had been unable to take any further steps towards obtaining a situation.

One day, when I was getting a little better, Guardy came in and looked very grave at my wasted figure and thin, wan face.

"I think a little change would do you good, Mabel," he said. "Suppose you come to the Grange for a few weeks. My aunt Greyson has promised me a visit for a long time, and this morning she has written to say that she is coming on Monday. Do come, Mabel, for you know it will be very dull for her when I am away, and she is fond of cheerful society; so you see the obligation will be mutual."

I was too weak and languid to make any objection; and the very day after Mrs. Greyson's arrival I found myself comfortably located in a delightfully cosy little room opening out of the drawing-room, which Guardy desired me to look upon as my own particular nest when I was tired or wanted to be by myself. But I never did—I had known Mrs. Greyson all my life, and liked her pleasant cheerful ways and quaint old world stories too well to wish to seclude myself. So I only went to my "nest" when she was out, or when visitors came—for I was still unequal to much exertion—or to enjoy a little quiet rest after dinner. And soon I found myself getting better and stronger every day; and then the old restless feeling that I ought to be up and doing came back upon me with tenfold force.

Guardy looked very grave when I again broached the subject.

"You are not so strong as you think, Mabel," he remonstrated; "and you know Doctor Parsall said you must take great care to avoid a relapse—and how can you do that in a situation?"

"But I must risk something, Guardy; and I really cannot bear to feel myself such a burden upon you as I have been."

"You are a very silly girl, Mabel—very proud and silly. Surely you have not been so uncomfortable here that you need wish to run away; and, while my aunt is here, there can be no reason why you should not stay."

"Ah, but I am leading such a luxurious life that I fear it will render me quite unfit to brave the world—and that will never do."

Guardy made no answer; he only gazed absently through the window. Presently he turned abruptly round and faced me.

"Mabel," he said, in a low distinct tone, "have you quiet got over your disappointment?"

"My disappointment!" I exclaimed, rather indignantly. "Say rather my escape, Guardy. So far from feeling it a disappointment, I am only too thankful for the circumstances that saved me from such a fate. Besides, I don't think I ever cared for Mr. Carysfort as a woman ought to care for the man she marries. My vanity was touched far more than my heart."

"He will be a happy man who touches that," said Guardy, in a low voice. "But, Mabel, I don't think you are very susceptible."

"I don't think I am, Guardy," I replied; "and perhaps it is fortunate, for I certainly don't expect another offer. Men don't want portionless wives in these days."

"Don't they? Well, I think I should like my wife to owe everything to me. Ah, Mabel, if you only knew the pleasure I have in supplying your wants you would not be so eager to deprive me of it—and I have not so many pleasures," he added, rather sadly.

"But you surely never meant me to be a pen-

sloner on your bounty all my days, Guardy. Perhaps some time you may think of marrying," I said, rather hesitatingly, "and then—" I could proceed no farther.

"Well, Mabel, finish your speech; and then what?" he asked quickly.

"Why, then," I answered, half laughing, half blushing, "you would find me an incubance, I am afraid—at least, I am sure your wife would."

"My wife," he said, pronouncing the words softly and lovingly—"my wife—ah, the pleasant homelike sound!" And he sighed a low regretful sigh.

I began to feel uncomfortable, and wished that I had not made that unlucky speech. There was an awkward silence which I would have given the world to break with one of my old saucy speeches, but somehow the words would not come.

"It must be a blessed thing to have a wife," he resumed at least—"a happy and a blessed thing."

"I wonder you never married, Guardy," I remarked nervously.

"Do you, Mabel? Well, I never felt inclined in my younger days, and now I suppose it is too late."

"Too late!" I exclaimed. "Why, too late?"

"You forget how old I am," he said smiling—"more than forty-five, Mabel—nearly forty-six. No blooming young girl would look at me now. You would not marry a man of that age, Mabel?"

There was a suppressed vehemence in his manner that startled me, and half involuntarily I raised my eyes to his face, and met a pair of deep earnest eyes and a countenance flushed and eager. "What does it all mean?" I thought, as my eyes sank timidly beneath his, and I felt myself flush hotly over neck and brow. For the first time a thought crossed my mind that made my heart beat wildly. I was so confused that I lost all self-control, and could only mutter some inarticulate sounds.

"You have not answered me," he repeated, softly, and, drawing nearer, he clasped one of my hands in both of his. "Mabel, listen; you need never look for another home if only you can make yourself happy in mine—if you can only love me well enough."

I don't know what more he said; I cannot tell what I answered, but for all that we seemed to understand each other.

"I knew how it would be," said Emma, when she came over in answer to my urgent summons. "What a little impostor you are, Mabel! I believed you cared for him all the time, even when you pretended to be in love with George Carysfort."

And really I almost think she was right; for when she told me, after much pretended hesitation and many cautions not to faint, that George was about to be married to a plain, elderly lady with fifty thousand pounds, I felt not one twinge of sentimental regret, and Emma professed to be quite disgusted with my hard-heartedness, as she called it.

"I wonder what you would have said if I had set my cap at Bachelor Brown—and I did think of it at one time."

But I knew that was only nonsense, as she had already told me, as a great secret, that she was engaged to a rich farmer in the neighborhood, and seemed intensely happy in the prospect of her dairy, her garden, and her poultry-yard. As for me, I have no more to say, except that my married life has been, like my wedding day, a marvel of brightness, without a cloud to mar its splendor; and if my sun sets as it has risen, I shall have no reason to regret the day on which I bestowed myself on Bachelor Brown.

LAZY PETER.

This affair happened in B—.

There is room in B— for a much larger thing to happen, but the recital of this will fill our allotted space. It will also point a moral.

In the good town of B— resides Peter Quirk.

Peter is a regular Rip Van Winkle, leaving out the twenty years' doze, and his wife, Mary is quite a good representation of Gretchen, Rip's better half.

And Mary, or Molly, as everybody called her, was the better half.

She owned the house they lived in, and by her thrift in the letting of a portion of it, and doing some washing, she managed to keep herself and Peter, for Peter would never do anything beyond dressing as well as he could and walking about the streets.

His general haunts were the public-houses in the neighborhood, and although Molly would never allow him much, if any, money to squander at these places, he had a circle of acquaintances who thought enough of his jovial society to treat him quite often enough to send him home mellow every night to receive his curtain lecture.

In short, he was a lazy, shiftless fellow, and an acknowledged loafer, although he dressed well, and held his head high in the community.

A few days since Molly took him in hand, and not only gave him a good tongue-lashing, but a scratch under one of his eyes, and four parallel scratches on his forehead showed that her anger took even a more belligerent turn.

This was nothing new to him, although he generally behaved himself for a week or so afterwards very much better, and avoided his bad companions.

Then Molly would relent, take hope, soften

her heart, and believe that he would become a better man.

In this particular she showed more weakness than in any other of her nature.

A day or two after his last correction, and, while he was still on his good behavior, she gave him the money to buy a ton of coal, telling him to see that it was delivered, and to put into the cellar, all of which he promised to do just as directed.

But Peter was weak, in spite of his late experience.

He met one of his cronies, who asked him where he was going, and on being told, he laughingly remonstrated.

"Why, a ton of coal is more than you can burn this winter. Let us have a good time with half of the money, and buy only half of a ton. Besides, Molly will never know but that it is a whole ton."

There was something seductive about this proposition, especially when he had the money in his pocket and felt sure that Molly would not know the difference.

So he took the advice of his crony, and bought beer, and had what they called a good time.

Then another of his acquaintances happened to come into the public house where he sat enjoying himself, and soon became acquainted with all the particulars.

"And do you suppose, Peter, that you can burn a half a ton of coal this winter? Why, I never use more than a quarter of a ton; besides, it is getting late, and it will not be taken to your door until after dark, and Molly won't know really how much there is. Let us drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

"Yes, and then we shall not need coal," said the other, struggling to make a grim joke telling.

Peter was now in a condition very much akin to clay in the hands of the potter, and again he yielded.

He knew he was doing wrong; but a few more mugs of beer made him think better of it, and while the excitement was at its height, he began to argue even upon the recklessness of buying so much as a quarter of a ton of coal.

"That is so, Pete," replied his seducers, "it is a great waste of money, when good beer is only twopence a glass. Let us be happy."

And they tried to be.

Perhaps they were; at all events those two who were drinking at Peter's expense were happy.

Such conditions are pretty sure to make such fellows as them feel quite contented with the world.

Time flew on and before they were aware of it, darkness had settled upon the earth, and gas lights were doing duty in every direction.

When this fact worked its way into Peter's fuddled brain, he began to think about his coal and the orders of his wife.

He still had money enough left to buy a quarter of a ton, and he was about to depart for a coal yard.

"Nonsense; it is too late now. The yards are all shut up, and you will not get it now. Sit down and enjoy yourself. There is nothing pressing about having coal delivered to-day, is there? If there is, why, you can call at the coal shed, and have a bushel sent to the house. See?"

Yes; Peter saw—that is to say, he saw as well as he could through the fumes of beer; and glad to have somebody to propose an excuse where he could find none himself, he sat down in his chair again, and spent all of the money, except enough to buy a bushel of coal.

Quite late in the evening he left his companions and started for home.

He had some difficulty in navigating and in convincing a policeman that he should not be taken to the lock-up.

But he finally reached the coal shed and purchased his bushel of coal, which one of the boys carried over to his house.

Molly was in waiting and considering the length of time he had been absent, she was disappointed in seeing even a bushel of coal brought home.

But she held her peace until the boy had placed it in the cellar, and Peter had found his way into her presence.

Then she put some sarcasm into her remarks about the smallness of the ton of coal, and Peter bristled up, and said there was coal enough, and that he would not countenance such prodigality in his household, that his income would not admit of it, etc.

Then it was Molly's turn.

She was washing a pair of woollen drawers, and she spoke to him with them.

He sat down suddenly on the broad of his back to listen to her argument in the other direction from what he had just been arguing.

Then she threw some ashes over his head, and hammered his face with a cabbage stump, and worried the top end of his spinal column with the leg of a washboard.

She never asked him if he would do so again, for she evidently knew he would if he got a chance, but she argued with him in this manner until he was a thoroughly sobered man, after which she made him sleep in the cellar with that bushel of coal.

Peter wasn't seen for a week, and when he did finally get out, and his friends asked him about the various strips of court plaster with which his face was adorned, he said he had attempted to shoe a mule.

But those who knew, say that Molly gave him such a thorough warming, that, in all probability, that bushel of coal will be all he will require this winter.

MY KINGDOM.

Now that the warmth and fragrance

Of the bygone summer days
Are numbered among the things that were,
Sweet pictures close shut in haze—
In a haze whose sombre chillness
Shrouds mountain and steep ravine,
And broods on the face of the sighing sea,
Like a sad returning dream.

And now that the thrifty vineyard—
The woodlands golden and brown—
Forewarned by the nightly frost-bite,
Have scattered their treasures down—
Life stretches in glorious vista,
Love's light in a splendor falls,
With magical gleam on the roseate realm
Girt round by my cottage walls.

With the homage a fond heart teaches
There gather about my chair
The sturdy forms of my growing boys,
My girls with their waving hair;
And the sound of the falling raindrops
Slow trickling a-down the pane,
Is drowned in a jubilate tide of mirth,
Or swell of some ancient strain.

Night! The bright eyes weary,
Droop low their lids of snow;
The frolicsome heads are nodding,
In the lamplight's cheerful glow;
And soon the stumple of footsteps
Grows faint up the winding stair,
And childish lips the gate of dreams
Unlocks with the key of prayer.

Ah, sweet and far more glad some
Than titles or wealth to me,
The sound of my darlings' voices,
The touch of their hands on my knee;
And never more truly monarch
Reigned under palace dome
Than I who sway with my sceptre, a smile,
My beautiful kingdom—Home!

THE THREE CROWNS.

Once upon a time Bothnia was ruled by a mighty king, of the Finnish race, whose realm included not only the eastern, but the northern and western coasts of the Gulf. He had three daughters, whom he tenderly loved, and the magicians, with whom his kingdom abounded, were summoned to predict their future destiny. The unanimous reply was to the effect that something dreadful would happen, if the Princesses were allowed to go out into the open air for twenty years. They were therefore kept close in the castle, a garden covered with glass being laid out for their especial recreation. As they grew up they likewise grew melancholy, finding life monotonous, at which their father considering that the youngest had attained the age of fifteen, did not at all wonder. So one day, being in an easy mood, he allowed them to take a stroll in his palace garden accompanied by his body-guard, under the command of favourite giant, Kollumi. This precaution proved altogether useless. The Princesses roamed about at liberty for a little while, delighted with the fresh air, and charmed with every thing, till they chanced to climb up a moss-covered rock, which suddenly opened, swallowed them all three, and as suddenly shut again, to the great consternation of the guard. The giant alone retained his presence of mind, as he proved by briskly tearing the rock open, but the only result of this brilliant feat of strength was a fiery sword, which issued from the crevice he had made, and killed him on the spot.

The rest could only take home the bad tidings to the King, who, as might have been expected, sank into deep melancholy. He was somewhat cheered when three Helmdallers, or wise men, offered to set out in search of the Princesses. The offer was, of course, accepted, and the wise men were allowed to take with them as many servants as they pleased; but although they largely availed themselves of this permission, they distinctly refused the proffered services of Gylpho, a groom of the royal household.

A long time passed, and as the wise men did not return, the melancholy of the King returned. One day, observing that his royal master was even more sad than usual, a courtier named Dumb, who was deeply versed in Finnish lore, whereof the King was profoundly ignorant, offered to amuse him with a tale.

"Though," said the monarch, "we have a proverb, which tells us that he who mourns does not think of honey-cakes, and though thy story may possibly be dull, still thy offer is kindly, and we accept it with as much cheerfulness as we have at our command."

"I know, as our proverb has it, a smith is not fitted for a schoolmaster, and that my skill as a narrator is small. As another proverb has it, no bird can fly higher than his wings can carry him. Nevertheless, I will do my best."

The King wiped his eyes and the courtier proceeded:—

"In ancient days, a certain man and woman were blessed with a very handsome son, who tended the king's flocks."

"What king was that?" asked the Sovereign of Bothnia.

"The record is not precise on that head," answered Dumb; "he was possibly one of your ancestors, sire, possibly not. Where was I?"

"Tended the king's flocks," said the royal prompter.

"Also," proceeded Dumb, "they had a daughter who was even more handsome, and who re-

mained at home; but her brother, who was clever with his knife, cut out her portrait on the bark of a tree, and the king's son, who happened to pass that way, was so struck with its beauty, that he said to the artist with great dignity, 'If your sister is anything like that, all you have to do is to bring her to the palace. I will marry her, and you shall be the second man in the kingdom.'"

"And his father still living!" exclaimed the royal listener. "They had strange notions of matrimonial alliances in those times. Thanks to Ukko, we have advanced a little, at least in one respect."

"The brother told the good news to his sister, of course, expecting that she would be delighted," continued the courtier; "but, as you are doubtless aware, sire, young ladies have their tempers."

"And old ones, too," said the King. "As the proverb has it, he who argues with a woman should not have his tongue burned with hot groats."

"The perverse damsel," proceeded the courtier, "although her delight exactly corresponded to the expectations of her brother, declared that she would not cross the threshold of her house until a heap of stones that lay hard by was reduced to a powder fine as meal. The brother, inwardly chafing, did his best to arrive at the desired result; but with all his efforts, he could only break up the stones into little bits. The sister, therefore, put her own hands to the work; and, in a short time, the powder fine as meal was produced."

"As the proverb hath it," said the King, "sharp is the knife of the industrious, blunt that of the lazy. Now, of course, all was settled."

"Not at all," said Dumb. "After imposing another task—on which I need not dwell—and which she herself performed, she vowed with her habitual perversity that she would not quit her home until she had worn out the threshold by crossing it backwards and forwards." This time the brother used his knife to some purpose, and secretly shaved away the wooden threshold. The sister was convinced, put on her best attire, and followed her brother, carrying under her arm her pet dog Pilka. To reach the palace they had to cross the sea in a boat, which they both rowed."

"Or gulf," interposed the King.

"As you please, sire," said the courtier.

"When they had proceeded a short distance they came to a tongue of land, where they saw a horrible female fiend, Syyotar, who begged to be admitted into their boat. By the advice of his sister, the brother refused to comply with this request; but he again encountered the fiend at a second and afterwards at a third point, and then, in spite of his sister's remonstrances, he took her into the boat."

"No doubt she spoke well," observed the King. "As the proverb has it, a good tongue is better than ten measures of corn."

"Maybe, sire," retorted Dumb. "At all events, the act of courtesy was ill repaid, for Syyotar, seating herself between the brother and the sister, began by making them both deaf to each other, while perfectly capable of hearing anything which she herself might say. Consequently, all the words uttered by the brother were misinterpreted; and when the foolish youth told his sister that they were close to the King's palace, and that she had better adjust her dress, the crafty Syyotar explained that he enjoined her to divest herself of all her attire, poke out her own eyes, break her own arms, and leap into the sea. The poor girl executed the last of these supposed orders, without regarding the rest, and jumped into the waves accordingly."

"She was wiser than we had a right to expect," remarked the king. "As the proverb has it, we admire a bird for its song, a maiden for her good sense; and if my three poor girls had not had that foolish fancy for climbing up a rock—"

At this moment the conversation was cut short by a loud shout outside the palace. The three wise men had returned having exhausted their stock of provision; but they had not discovered the lost Princesses, so asked leave to seek for them a second time, which was readily granted, and they again refused the services of Gylpho, who wished to join them.

When they had departed, the king was deeply grieved, but not so deeply as when his loss was new, having grown somewhat used to his sorrow. Of his own accord, he sent for Dumb, and, reminding him of the proverb, which says that joyless evenings are long, told him that he might as well continue his history.

The courtier took up the thread accordingly:—

"The unhappy girl, when she leaped into the sea, left all her fine clothes in the possession of Syyotar."

"Was not the brother greatly shocked?" inquired the King.

"He was," replied Dumb, "but he was not so much grieved at the loss of his sister, as he was terrified to think that he would get into sad trouble by coming to the palace without the promised bride. Syyotar readily solved the difficulty, observing that she was exceedingly like the lost girl, and dressed in her clothes, could easily be presented in her stead. The brother did not exactly perceive the resemblance to which she referred, but as there was no other expedient than the one recommended, he kept his opinion to himself. So Syyotar put on the fine clothes, and they both proceeded together to the palace. The Prince, on whose memory the portrait of the lost girl was deeply impressed, perceived the dissimilarity which

had been noticed by the brother, and asked him, somewhat sternly, if that lady was really his sister. That he had been cheated somehow, he saw plainly enough, but he thought that the imposture lay in the incorrectness of the portrait. He therefore honorably kept his word by marrying the supposed sister, and ordered the brother to be flung into a pit filled with snakes. The order was executed, but on the following morning, to the Prince's astonishment, the culprit was found alive. It was resolved, nevertheless, that he should remain where he was for another night.

In the meanwhile the lost sister was living in great luxury. The King of the Sea had built her a moveable glass palace, which kept out the water, and round which all sorts of mermaids, sea snakes and fishes, assembled to gaze at her with admiration.

"They must have been quick workmen under the sea," remarked the King.

"They were," assented the courtier. "The son of the sea-king fell in love with the fair stranger, and flung at her feet not only coral and pearls, and such like marine treasures, but gold and jewels of all sorts, obtained through a long series of shipwrecks. However, she sighed, after her brother, of whose miserable condition she was informed by a very intelligent sea-snake, cousin to one of the land-snakes in the pit, and embroidering a neckerchief of gold and silver thread, she asked permission to go on shore and present it to the Prince, which was granted, but only on the condition that she should wear round her a silver chain reaching to the bottom of the sea. It should be stated that the little dog, Pilka—"

"Ah, we had forgotten all about him," said the King.

Just at this point a shout, as before, announced the return of the three wise men, who, as before, came to announce a failure. But, during their absence, a change, unknown to anybody, had taken place in the fortune of the groom Gylpho. Greatly disgusted at the rejection of his services by the wise men, he had strayed into the nearest wood, with an axe in his hand, and vented his spite on a thick oak, at which he began to hack with all his might. An old man, of gigantic stature, immediately stood before him, laughed at him as a bungler, and told him, that if he would lend him his axe, he would teach him what wood-cutting was. Convinced that his new acquaintance was a spirit of some kind or other, but not being certain whether that kind was good or bad, the astute Gylpho, instead of parting with the axe, struck it as deep as he could into the oak, and pretending that he was not able to draw it out, begged the giant to assist him by widening the split. The good-humored giant complied with the modest request, and Gylpho, suddenly withdrawing the axe, caused the closing tree to catch him and hold him fast by the fingers. In piteous tones he began to sue for deliverance, but Gylpho told him that he might remain where he was till the end of the world, if he didn't tell what had become of the three Princesses.

The required information was readily given. All the Princesses were in the power of Kammo, king of a certain rock. The eldest was confined in an iron room, situated a hundred fathoms beneath the base of the rock, wearing an iron ring on one of her fingers. The second was in a silver room fifty fathoms deeper, the third in a golden room a hundred fathoms deeper still, and both, like the eldest, wore crowns and rings corresponding to their respective apartments.

Gylpho was thankful for the information, but observed that it would be of small practical value, unless he was provided with the means of liberating the Princesses from their captivity.

"Release me," exclaimed the captive spirit, "and I'll let you have what you want, as sure as my name is Pellerwoinen."

Without a moment's hesitation, Gylpho widened the crevices with his axe and freed the giant; for Pellerwoinen was a spirit of exceedingly good repute. On this occasion he was as good as his word; for he produced a marvelous sword, a bottle of mineral water, a life, and a thick rope, one hundred fathoms long. These things were to be used for the liberation of the Princesses, and, in the case of any extraordinary emergency, the life was to be sounded.

Armed with these valuable tools Gylpho hurried back to the palace, and made his appearance just when the three wise men had recounted their second failure. They had talked of their adventure by land and sea; described much that they had seen, and much that they had not seen; and gave no end of geographical information, more curious than accurate; but the Princesses had not been found. Gylpho, therefore, had hit the right moment when he asked leave to set out, unassisted, on the discovery of the lost darlings. Gloomily, but readily, the King granted his petition. These professionally wise men had turned out to be fools; and if a man, who had no pretensions to wisdom, proved to be a fool likewise, the pain of disappointment in the latter case would be less acute than in the former.

When Gylpho had made his bow, the King relapsed into his habitual melancholy, and, reflecting on the quantity of obvious untruths told by the wise men, bethought himself of the proverb which teaches us that the guest discovers the faults of his host's daughters, and that travellers see wonders. After sulking for some days, he sent for the courtier, Dumbr, and somewhat crossly said,—

"Get on with the story about the she-fiend

and the sea-snake. I think we left off with something about a little dog."

"We did, sire," said the courtier, and spake as follows:—

"The little dog, Pilka, disconsolate at the loss of his mistress, would not enter the palace, but preferred to remain on the beach, miserably running up and down, and eating nothing. When evening came, he merely refreshed himself with some fresh water that flowed from a spring, and then went to sleep in the empty boat. Now, it happened that by the sea-side a remarkably shrewd widow lived in a small hut, in front of which was a stone bridge that reached the water. Close to this bridge one night came the palace of glass, borne by mermen and followed by a retinue of sea-snakes and mermaids who sang merrily, while the links of the silver chain tinkled by way of accompaniment. The Princess crossed the bridge, sat down, and, seeing the little dog, gave him the kerchief, with the commission that he was privy to place it under the Prince's pillow and meet her on the same spot on the two following nights. The task was duly executed. The Prince, when he awoke in the morning, was surprised to find his new acquisition, and when his wife declared that she had embroidered the kerchief during the night while he was sleeping, he did not give the slightest credit to her assertion, though he kept his opinion to himself. He was again surprised, when, on causing inquiries to be made, he learned that the man among the snakes was still alive, nay, that the snakes seemed to be rather fond of him than otherwise. The punishment was very common, and no one had ever been known to live in the pit through as much as a single night. Yet now two had passed, and the criminal was as well as ever."

"Two!" cried the King, in amazement; "only two! In the name of Ukko, am I to believe that all that befel the lucky or unlucky girl, since she leaped into the sea, only occupied about a day and a half?"

"Precisely so, sire," was the response.

"Then I can only say that if there be any truth in the proverb, which tells us that he who gains time gains much, the prosperity of those times ought to have been enormous."

"Under such singular circumstances," continued Dumbr, after a bow of reverential assent, "the Prince thought it expedient to visit the wise widow, who, on hearing the particulars of the case, said that his hideous wife was no other than the hateful fiend Syoyatar, and that the lady he ought to have married was in the sea, and had sent him the kerchief by way of inducing him to show mercy to her brother. The third night brought with it an embroidered shirt, sent by the same means as the kerchief, and the following morning a repetition of the same falsehood on the part of Syoyatar, a renewal of the tidings that the man in the pit and the snakes were all happy and comfortable, and another visit to the sage widow on the part of the Prince, who now learned in further detail the manner in which the mysterious gifts reached him, and was moreover informed that on the coming night she would make her appearance for the last time, and that if she were allowed to return to the sea, she would be forced to marry the daughter of the water king. The Prince could only express his fervent hope that matters would not take such a dismal turn, and his desire to see the lovely stranger, and was counselled by his sage adviser to provide himself with an iron chain and a sickle of the same material, and following her directions, to act in the manner presently to be described."

"Short is the song of the wood-pigeon as the proverb has it," interposed the king, "and I thank you for not telling the same thing twice over."

"When night approached," proceeded the courtier, "the Prince concealed himself behind a rock near the sea, and at the hour of midnight a strange tinkling was heard, and a beautiful maiden arose from the waters, and calling the dog, intrusted him with the third gift. As she was about to depart, the Prince rushed from his place of concealment, broke the silver chain with his sickle, and cast the iron one round her. She endeavored to escape; she turned herself into a lizard, a fly, a snake, a crow, and what not besides, but he destroyed the assumed forms one after another till she had resumed her own."

When the courtier had proceeded thus far, a shout of joy was heard, and, to the King's amazement and delight, the three wise men made their appearance, each leading by the hand one of the lost Princesses. The embraces and the tears of joy that ensued, we need not describe. The festivities that took place in honor of the happy event lasted several days, and the King was naturally too much occupied with his own happiness to think about the beautiful maiden of the sea.

To account for the joyous event that thus occurred we must go back a little in our veracious narrative. Gylpho, when he had received permission to seek the Princesses, had, according to appointment, gone to the wood on the night of the full moon, bearing his instruments, and with a sound of his life, brought Pellerwoinen into his presence. They went their way towards the enchanted rock, the spirit acting as guide, not perceiving that they were followed by three men, namely, the three bunglers who were falsely considered wise, and had kept Gylpho steadily in their eye from the moment when he had left the Palace. By means of the rope, Gylpho and his friend, when the rock was reached, let themselves down through a cavity to the iron-room, where they saw the youngest Prin-

cess with the crown and ring, as above described, guarded by the spirit of the rock, Kammo, a hideous monster, who had a horn on his head and an eye in the middle of his forehead which had been greatly dimmed by age. Gylpho lost no time in blinding him with a red-hot bar of iron, which happened to be close at hand, and then dispatched him with his sword. The liberation of the younger sister was easily followed by that of the others, who were confined to the lower rooms, and they all joyfully resolved to go home at once, Gylpho, by the advice of Pellerwoinen, breaking each of the things into halves, one of which he kept for himself, while he gave the other half to the Princess who had worn it, and leaving all the three crowns behind. But when Pellerwoinen, who had taken his station outside, had succeeded in drawing up the three sisters, and was proceeding to draw up Gylpho, the three wise men came forth from their hiding-place, cut the rope, and Pellerwoinen fled in terror. The ladies, left in the power of the Heimdaller, were compelled to bind themselves by oath that they would never reveal what had happened; and thus, when they were brought to the Palace, the King had no reason to doubt that they had been rescued by the three sages, whom he regarded as his greatest benefactors.

In the meanwhile poor Gylpho lay for a long time senseless, and when at last he came to himself, he thought every bone in his body was broken. Bethinking himself to the bottle of mineral water, which, through a great mercy, had not been damaged by the fall, he swallowed its contents, and became as well and as strong as ever. His mind had previously been altogether upset, but now he remembered his life, and taking it out of his pocket summoned Pellerwoinen, who suggested that he should return to the upper world on the back of a raven. So much had his weight been lessened by a long fast, that not the slightest objection could be made to this mode of travelling, and the journey was performed.

He did not think it prudent in the first instance to visit the palace, inasmuch as he had no friend and three deadly enemies. So he engaged himself as apprentice to a smith of great repute, who lived in the neighborhood, and after he had remained some time in the smithy, his master was summoned to the palace. The youngest Princess desired to have an iron crown, exactly like that which she had worn during her captivity, and although she gave a sort of rough pattern of the required article, the order was obviously not easy to execute. The poor smith hammered away and produced something which did not at all fit, whereupon, though he was not at all surprised, he went to bed in a very ill humor. While he was asleep, Gylpho, sounding his life, summoned Pellerwoinen, who at his request flew off to the rock, and was back in a trice with the real crown, which, on the following morning, he presented to his master, pretending that he had made it during the night. The smith wished him to take it to the Princess himself, but he modestly refused; so his master proceeded to the castle, and was richly rewarded by the King, while the Princess declared that the new crown (as she deemed it) was even better than the one she had lost. Now it was the turn for the second Princess to desire an exact copy of her silver crown; and this was produced exactly in the same manner as the more humble diadem. The eldest Princess, struck with admiration, now bethought herself of the golden crown, and told the smith that if his apprentice could make another after the same model she would reward him with her hand. By the operation already described, the golden crown was produced and taken to the palace, thanks to his friend Pellerwoinen, by Gylpho himself, who arrived at the palace in a golden coach, drawn by the three mouse-colored horses. He could not help smiling when the Princess declared that the new crown was better than the old one; but, taking advantage of his position, he proved that he was the real deliverer of the captives, by displaying the halves of the three rings, which exactly fitted the other halves in the possession of the Princesses. So there was great rejoicing which continued for a long time with unabated ardor. Growing rather tired of the festivities, and reflecting on the wickedness of the wise men, the good King, calling the courtier Dumbr aside, said to him:—

"By the way, we never got quite to the end of that story about the brother and sister and the little dog."

"Oh, there is not much to be told, sire," said the courtier. "The Prince married the sister, and the brother was liberated—"

"Yes, yes—that of course," interrupted the King; "but what did they do to the she-fiend with the long name?"

"Oh," was the reply, "they persuaded her to walk upon a blue cloth, which concealed a pit filled with burning pitch, into which she fell and was at once consumed."

"Good!" exclaimed the King, "I was just thinking what ought to be done with those three scoundrels, whom we have so ridiculously looked upon as wise men. At all events, we will show that we are not so cruel as they were of old. We'll have no burning pitch—nothing of that kind! One of them shall walk a league in very tight wooden shoes; another shall ride a league on the back of a bristly boar—attired in very thin nether garments."

"And the third, sire?" asked the courtier.

"Well," said the King, after a pause, "we'll let him off altogether, and hope that he will profit by the example of the other two. We are taught by the proverb that a good child will himself bring the rod, and that a bad one is not to be cured by any rod whatever."

OH, SIGH NOT FOR WEALTH.

I'll leave all the glitter and pomp of the world,
Nor sigh to behold it again, love,
I'll leave all the prospects by fortune unfurled,
Without e'er a feeling of pain, love,
I'll leave them if thou wilt but smile still on me,
I'll fly to thy cottage for ever,
And love and content our companions shall be,
And death shall alone our hearts sever.

Oh, sigh not for wealth; 'tis the bauble of pride,
Where contentment is scarce ever known, love.

Oh, sigh not for rank, which doth seldom abide
In the dwelling which bliss calls its own, love,
Oh, sigh not for these; they can never increase
Our pleasures in this world, believe me;
In our ivy-twined cottage, true joys will ne'er cease,
For ne'er will this heart, love, deceive thee.

A SPECULATION IN CORN.

My friend Flukes is said to be one of the wealthiest snipwipers in Britain, and therefore in the world. He and I were boys together in the same office. We lodged together, sharing the same room; and besides the fifteen shillings which we jointly earned each week, we had no money, and no one to assist us. My name is Brown, and I am, or rather was, a corn merchant. I have often wondered if our names have anything to do with the different success which has attended us through life. In my opinion, there is no business or profession in which a man's name has not a great deal to do with his prosperity. It is impossible that any man of the name of Brown can have the same self-reliance as one who is called Flukes. Times innumerable, from a natural timidity which I associate with my name, I have not placed my money in speculations and investments which turned out prosperous, whereas, had my name been Flukes, or any other equally inspiring, I should certainly have risked my capital. Even in the literary profession, of which I know nothing, I question if the editor of a magazine would pay the same attention to an article signed Brown as he would to one signed Flukes, supposing both writers to be unknown to him.

Of course this must be a matter of opinion, but I cannot get rid of the idea that our names are the principal cause why I was never able to do more than provide comfortably for my family, while my friend is a millionaire. There is only one thing in life which has not turned out as Flukes wished it, and that is his only son Bob. This young man is one of the steadiest and best-tempered fellows you could find anywhere; but unfortunately, he is not fitted for business. It was with great difficulty he was taught to read, and writing and arithmetic no one has yet been able to teach him. He knows something of all these three branches of knowledge, but only something, not much. And yet, to talk to him, he seems a sensible enough fellow, and can give a fair opinion on many subjects; but in all business matters he is wholly at sea. This was a great grief to his father, who had calculated the fortune Bob would make, taking into account the advantages he would start with compared with his own. About six years ago, when I was still in business, Flukes called at my office one day.

"Bob is twenty-three," he said, "and it is time he was learning something of business, and I find he does not get on in my own office at all. The clerks don't regard him as one of themselves, so that he is in rather an anomalous position, and I wish to see if you will take him."

"I shall be very willing," I replied.

"I think too," he said, "if you would put his name after yours in the firm, it might give him more interest in his work. At all events, it could do you no harm, and I do not expect you even to give him a salary."

To this I also readily assented. Flukes put a lot of business into my hands, and I knew that he could do more in this way if he chose, so that I was certain I could be no loser by doing as he wished. Besides this, I had another reason, and the reader may smile at my weakness. "Brown and Flukes" had charms for my ears, which will be understood from what I have already said.

"One thing I wish to say before leaving," said Flukes. "You are to trust him in no business transaction, nor will I be responsible for anything that turns up if you do."

I replied that I would not, and he thanked me, and left.

I found Bob of considerable use to me, not indeed in the office work, but in taking orders; and I began to think that his father had underrated his business qualifications.

One circumstance, however, which arose from his name appearing in the firm, caused me great annoyance. It was currently reported that Flukes had placed a large amount of capital in my business, on consideration of my taking his son into partnership. A friend in the corn trade, talking to me one day of this rumour, said he had the sum stated at a hundred thousand pounds, and that he had even heard that Flukes himself was going to take an active part in my business.

"Your fortune is made," said another. "Flukes never yet put his money into any concern that did not prosper."

It was in vain that I protested, and told them that my business was still on its old footing.

"Business is business," was the common answer. "Of course you did not take young Flukes into partnership for nothing; and of course we do not expect you to tell us how much he brought with him."

From whatever cause it arose, I soon perceived that my position on the Corn Exchange was very different from what it had been. I was regarded there as a person of no ordinary importance, and considerable surprise was expressed that my dealings were conducted on the same scale as formerly.

My wife became rather unwell; and, trade not being very brisk at the time, I accompanied her on a visit to her father, who lives at a quiet place in Yorkshire. I only intended to be away from London for a few days, and I told my senior clerk that he could leave for his holidays on the day I expected to return. I stayed longer than this, however; and, as I had an order becoming due, I wrote—there were no post-office telegrams in those days—to Bob, telling him to buy at once 1,000 qrs. of wheat. It is impossible that he can make any mistake about that, I thought.

I stayed in Yorkshire another week, as my wife had become seriously ill; but, on her recovering a little, I left for London to look after my business.

On my way to my office, I met a corn merchant.

"Flukes is making himself manifest at last," he said.

"How?" I said, not having the slightest idea of what he meant.

"Why, buying up all the wheat in the market, of course."

I knew something must be wrong and did not stay to question, but rushed for my office. Bob came to me smiling.

"I haven't got it all bought yet," he said. "I'm told there is not so much in the market. I've done pretty well, however, for I've got more than half of it."

"Half of what?" I said, and I trembled for his answer.

"Why, the million quarters," he replied.

I sank down on a chair, speechless. I soon learned the extent of my misfortune. Bob from his deficient knowledge of reading and arithmetic, had thought that the 1,000 qrs. in my letter was a million; and had, during the last six days, gone about buying up all the wheat in the market. The wheat was falling every day, and was not expected to rise for months, so that I should be irretrievably ruined. I got my letter from him, and went to his father.

"Do you remember the last words I said to you about Bob, when I spoke to you about taking him?" he asked.

Of course, I made no reply to this question. "The thing is as clear as a full moon," he said, looking at my letter. "Bob has taken the qrs. in your letter for three o's; and, from your bad writing and his bad reading, I cannot understand how you could ever have expected anything else to take place."

"Can you do nothing for me?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "After the caution I gave you about my son, I am not in the least responsible for him. My advice is that you hand over your affairs to your solicitor."

I went and saw my solicitor, and told him I was insolvent, and that he was to look after my affairs, and send for me when I was wanted; and then I left for Yorkshire. I was in a fearful state of depression and did not even dare to tell my wife, who was now slowly recovering. I looked at no newspapers, for fear I should read there an account of my disaster. In about a week I had a letter from my senior clerk, who had returned, saying that I was to come to London at once. I went, on arriving, directly to my office, but with very different feelings from any I ever before had in going there. I had no sooner entered than my clerk came forward and shook me by the hand most enthusiastically, while joy beamed in his face. I looked at him in astonishment.

"Is it possible you don't know the state of the market?" he asked.

"I have not seen a paper for a week," I replied.

"Prospect of failure of crops in America! Wheat up five shillings and rising every day!" he shouted.

I could scarcely believe my good fortune.

"We must sell immediately," I said.

"I think," he said, "when you have heard how things are going that you'll wait."

But I did not wait; and before many days had passed, on every one of which the market was rising, I had sold every quarter that Bob had bought. I cleared upwards of a hundred thousand pounds by the transaction, and retired from business the next week. There was one man who was, I believe, more pleased about this strange speculation than myself, and that was Flukes. Bob was reinstated in his father's office. It was at the time that the famous firm of Flukes and Co. became Flukes and Son. I was dining with some business men shortly afterwards at his house. At dinner Bob said some very amusing but silly thing.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Flukes. "Bob's fond of a joke, gentlemen. He has made more money already than his father did when he was ten years older," and he winked in my direction, and stroked his chin with a self-satisfied air, "he did not make it for himself, like me."

"I may yet, though, father," said Bob.

"Yes, you may," said Flukes; "for believe me, gentlemen, a talent for speculation runs in our family."

THE STEPFATHER.

"Sixteen years old to-day!"

I looked in the glass, half wondering if the tall, fair reflection were really Madeline Mar.

I had blossomed out, as it were, all of a sudden. At fifteen I was freckled and awkward, with hands and feet too large for anything but to be perpetually in my way.

I was like a young robin, all eyes.

I contrived, through some evil fate, always to say the wrong thing in the wrong place—trod, metaphorically speaking, on everybody's corns, and found favor in the eyes of no one but my uncle Clarence.

Uncle Clarence was the only brother of my dead father—my guardian, and my sole friend in the great, desolate Sahara of Miss Pinchall's Seminary for Young Ladies.

When I broke the plate glass casement of the reception room window, and Miss Pinchall vaguely threatened to stop the price thereof out of the meagre allowance of pocket money mamma could afford to give me, I had only to write to Uncle Clarence and receive back a welcome bank note.

When I was threatened with having to "speak a piece" in French, at the quarterly examination, uncle interfered in my behalf.

"I won't have little Maddy teased," said he.

"And if this speaking business is essential, why, we must try to find some establishment where they don't make quite such a point of it."

Which vague threat brought Miss Pinchall to her senses at once.

Uncle Clarence was tall and pale and languid, with large shady eyes, a moustache like floss silk, and more money than he knew what to do with.

For he was a banker, and bankers—at least so Miss Pinchall said—were always rich.

While poor papa had risked his all in a cargo of some foreign merchandise, that was lost, uninsured at sea, and mamma and I had to live on the slenderest of incomes.

I never could have been educated at so expensive a place as Miss Pinchall's, if uncle had not assumed the responsibility of my education.

And I hoped some day to become a governess, and pay him for some of his many kindnesses.

"I declare," Laura Sands said, as she came into the room and found me at the glass, "Maddy Mar is really growing pretty."

And the mirror whispered the same flattering tale, as I stole a sly peep into the glittering depths.

"A box, Maddy—and a letter," cried Laura.

"Don't I wish it was my birthday."

My cheeks flushed high with delight as I opened the box, to behold a set of glistening pearls!

"For Madeline, on her sixteenth birthday—with Uncle Clarence's love," was written on the card that overlay them. I kissed the card and I kissed the pearls.

The letter was from mamma.

I opened it with a glad throb of the heart; but a second or two bitterly changed the stream of my thoughts.

I threw it down, bursting into tears.

"My goodness gracious, Maddy, what's the matter?" cried Laura Sands, who still sat on the floor, admiring my pearls.

"It's mamma," I sobbed, hiding my face among the sofa cushions.

"Is she ill, Maddy? Is she—dead?" and Laura's voice fell to a hushed accent of awe.

"No—no! I almost wish she was!" I cried out. "She has married again!"

"Married! Whom?"

"I don't know! I don't care! the letter does not say. I'll never speak to him! I'll never go home again! Oh, how could she!"

"Don't be a goose, Maddy!" said my practical little schoolmate. "I'm sure it is natural enough. She isn't so much over thirty."

"She was thirty-five last birthday."

"What an old crone she must be!" said Laura, satirically. Never mind, Madeline,—probably she has married some rich old codger with lots of money, and you'll come in for some of it."

"Never," I said, with set lips.

"But vacation is coming—you must go somewhere."

"I shall write to Uncle Clarence at once; I shall ask him—no. I will go myself. I must talk to some one, and receive sympathy from some loving heart, or I shall go crazy!"

It was not difficult to induce Miss Pinchall to allow me to have the school barouche, a creaking, jingling old compound of musty leather and decaying wood, to drive to the station, on my solemn assurance that I was going to Uncle Clarence's, and nowhere else.

"I can depend on your word, Madeline," said she, with austerity. "I cannot say the same of all my pupils."

"The Beeches," Uncle Clarence's country place, was situated on a lovely little river, and I reached there, dusty, and travel-worn, on the evening of the same day.

The sunset light flashed back from the arched roofs of the conservatories, and tinted the marble statues on the lawn with the rosy glow of life, while the house itself, a graceful Italian villa, seemed to smile welcome on me as I approached.

"How lovely it is!" I thought to myself.

"Oh, if I could only live here always. If Uncle Clarence would marry, and employ me to educate his children!"

A strange servant met me at the port us.

"Is Mr. Mar in?" I asked, with dignity assumed for the occasion.

"I—I don't know whether he's got back yet," the man answered. "I'll ask Mrs. Parry."

Mrs. Parry came a little flustered.

"Dear heart, miss," said she, "what sent you here just now?"

"Is Uncle Clarence at home?"

"He has just returned, miss."

"Returned? From where?"

"From his wedding tour, miss. But, oh, dear, I wasn't to let you know until—"

I sat down on one of the satin divans, trembling and sick at heart.

Marrying and giving in marriage, that was the way of the world—and I was forgotten on every side, left out, as it were in the cold.

Never before, in all the brief sixteen years of my life, had I experienced such a sensation of loneliness and desolation.

Slowly I rose to my feet, and folded my fleecy Shetland shawl about my shoulders.

"I will go," said I.

"Not until you've seen the master, miss dear," urged the old housekeeper.

"Why should I see him? He don't care for me, now," I retorted hotly.

"Maddy, my darling."

It was Uncle Clarence's hand on my shoulder, his gentle voice in my ear.

I turned around, forgetting all my dignity in a shower of tears.

"Come," he said, quietly, drawing my arm through his. "You have not yet seen my wife."

His wife! I tried to withdraw my arm, but I could not.

"I don't want to see her," I sobbed. "I hate her!"

But through my tears, I could just see a slight figure, all in bridal white, at the other end of the hall—a figure hurrying towards me with open arms.

"Maddy!"

"Mamma! mamma!" I cried, running hysterically into her arms, momentarily oblivious of the hated stepfather who was to be a barrier between us.

"But where is Uncle Clarence's wife?"

"Here," said my uncle's quiet voice. "You are close to her crying on her shoulder at this minute. I have married your dear mamma, Maddy, and from this moment, The Beeches in your home."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" and the happy tears rained down my cheeks.

It was such a sensation of rest, and peace, and perfect repose after the doubts and fears that had racked my heart all day.

I had not lost my darling mother, but I had gained Uncle Clarence all to myself for ever.

I am going back to school next term, and then I am coming home—home to The Beeches—for good and all; for Uncle Clarence won't hear of the governess scheme.

He says he has only one daughter, and he can't afford to lose her.

OUR PUZZLER.

78. SHORT CHARADES.

I.

My primal is upright, my final is cold;
My total, equity; its name unfold.

II.

My first is worn upon the head, my second is a town;
And both combined together give a title of renown.

III.

My first will give a lump, my second is a measure;
My whole a butchery; pray find it at your leisure.

IV.

My first a very ancient boat, my second is not high;
And when you have the two combined, an Irish town espy.

79. TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Company, a useful article, a witch, and two-thirds of a fowl; 2. A female and a vowel; 3. A river in England and a prison (transposed); 4. A boy's name, a London theatre, and a vowel; 5. A color and a Scotch church; 6. A boy's name and a company; 7. A brook (transposed) and a female goat; 8. A kind of meat and an insect (transposed); 9. A tatter, you and me, and a vowel; 10. A consonant, a river in France, and a vowel; 11. Strife and ire; 12. A tree and a Scotch county (transposed).

80. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

Grant and 102; abe, 1,000; a ton, 512 O; naffer, 2,001; eft, 152; be nearer, 2,100 r; be, 50; you; allure, 150; any but, 1,001; a neat sue, 250; eat u, 51; lea, 1,100; reap, eat, 5 O; serpent and 102.

If you read the initials and finals down, you will find the name of an English poet, and some metrical stories which he wrote.

81. SHORT CHARADES.

I.

My first I shall be if a prize I can win
And really I think that 'twill be no sin;

My next is a lake in Scotia's fair land;
My total for joy does invariably stand.

II.

My first will gave a color, my next a riddler's name;
My whole will show a flower; now, reader, find the same.

82. ANAGRAMS.

1. Quite a formal son; 2. Rose up on chief isles; 3. On he fought, killed ten; 4. O, then, stir real logic; 5. Go near, he stamps letter; 6. Girl, the war is real; 7. He brought in light, brother Jonah; 8. A diviner sky at noon; 9. Can Robert Strong, or I, be heir?

83. CHARADES.

I.

A measure put down, the primal to name,
And place in the rear a musician of fame;
These two please unite, and then you will see,
Together, a town far over the sea.

II.

My primal is a foreign town, my second is the same;
My total often causes war, and has an evil name.

III.

My first and second, when combined will always stand alone;
My third is ever to be found in country or in town.

A pleasant drink in summer weather,
The trio name, when put together.

84. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

A sap and 1,050; Po, 1,051; reloop, 56; A x 5 A (a); 50, fee, g; Esther, 151; her bay, 1,001; pup, 150; A 1, go; a sap, 150; eyen, 1,000; on a fort, 1,101; for abe, 1,101; tors, 1,000; 5 and hear.

The initials and finals name two fishes found in the waters of Africa.

85. CHARADE.

The moon in my second, now silently rising,
Illumines my first by the beautiful sea;
So peaceful the scene, it is almost surprising
That only in war can my first useful be.
Too often my second would tempt me to stroll
Round my first, from the cottage where I spent my whole.

AN OLD BOMBSHELL.—Some twenty years ago a relic of the old French War was picked up at Lake George, which spoke loudly for itself, and told emphatically what it was made for. This was a bombshell, which was found in the lake, near the shore, under Fort William Henry, and which was in all probability discharged at the fort at the time that the Marquis de Montcalm besieged it in 1758. The shell must therefore, have lain at the bottom of the lake about eighty years. Those who found it, undertook the fool-hardy experiment of testing its efficiency, and applied a fuse to it. To their astonishment, it exploded, and a piece of it passed through the side of the Lake House (which is of wood), and lodged in an attic chamber. Mr. Sherrill, the proprietor of the house at that time, deposited this piece of shell, together with an account of the transaction, in the cabinet of the Brooklyn Lyceum, where both may be seen. The composition of this shell was found to be different from those now in use—the iron being mixed with some brittle and earthy material. That which makes this case the more remarkable, is the fact of the length of time which it has lain under water.

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE.

Will distinguish the time by a church clock five miles, a FLAGSTAFF and WINDOW BARS 10 MILES; landscape twenty miles distant, and will define the SATELLITES OF JUPITER and the PHASES OF VENUS, &c., &c. This extraordinary CHEAP and POWERFUL glass is of the best make and possesses ACHROMATIC LENSES and is equal to a telescope costing \$20.00. No STUDENT or TOURIST should be without one. Sent Post free to all parts in the Dominion of Canada on receipt of price, \$3.00.

H. SANDERS,
Optician, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

Illustrated Catalogue 16 pages sent free for one stamp.

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. 2-13-1 an

Printed and published by the DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine St., Montreal.

NONSENSE



THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOOD COMPANY.
 Elder Lady. Oh, PAT, PAT, where do you expect to go to when you die?
 Pat (who has just come out of prison). Faith, Miss, an' I expects to go to
 Heaven, an' ye place.
 Lady. How ever can you expect that?
 Pat. Sure, Miss, an' it's because I've conversed with angels.



RATHER HARD ON THE HENS.
 Rising Scholar (parsing the word Bird). Bird—a noun—singular number,
 masculine gender.
 Lady Visitor. Stop—stop! How masculine! It is common as to gender.
 Rising Scholar. Yah! hah! Who ever heard owt of a hen a-singin'.
 Yah! hah! (Confusion of Lady Visitor).



CAUTION.

Host. "JUST ANOTHER WEE DRAP 'FORE YOU GO—"
 Guest. "NA, NA, A'LL TAK' NAE MAIR! I'M IN A NEW LODGIN', AND I'M
 NO VERA WEEL ACQUAINTED W' THE STAIR!!"



NEW DESIGNS FOR CHATELAINES.
 For a Young Lady with Many Lovers
 —pistol, dagger, etc.



AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.
 A Voice from the Crowd. Drabst the boys and girls, I don't want no
 Heckies, nor Globes, nor fuseses, I was only a-feelin' for pockyhandkercher.



NEW DESIGNS FOR CHATELAINES.
 For a Domesticated Lady—pepper-box,
 rolling-pin, chopper, etc.



DOMESTIC PETS!

A Hamper arrives, directed to Mr. POTTER GREEN, who is mad about
 Aquariums. Mrs. P. G. thinks it is a Hamper of Fish, and ought to be
 opened at once, Mr. P. G. being from home. So it is Fish—it is an Octopus!



The Three Mosquitoes (not by the Great ALEXANDRE)



Twenty Minutes After (by the same Author).



AN INTERPELLATION.

Master Dick (his first appearance) at "a dinner-party," and puzzled by the strange Waiter—the Greengrocer of the neighbourhood. "MA,
 HAS 'PA BOUGHT THAT MAN, OR ON'Y HIRED HIM!!!"



ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Longley (with modest fervour). "O, JACK! O FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE! O FOR A
 TRUE-HEARTED WOMAN ONCE, ONCE IN ONE'S LIFE, TO THROW HER ARMS ROUND ONE'S NECK,
 AND TELL ONE SHE LOVES ONE!"
 Little Jack Horner. "Ah! If you'd HAD AS MUCH OF THAT KIND OF THING AS I HAVE,
 OLD MAN, YOU'D BE PRECIOUS TIRED OF THE WHOLE CONCERN!"